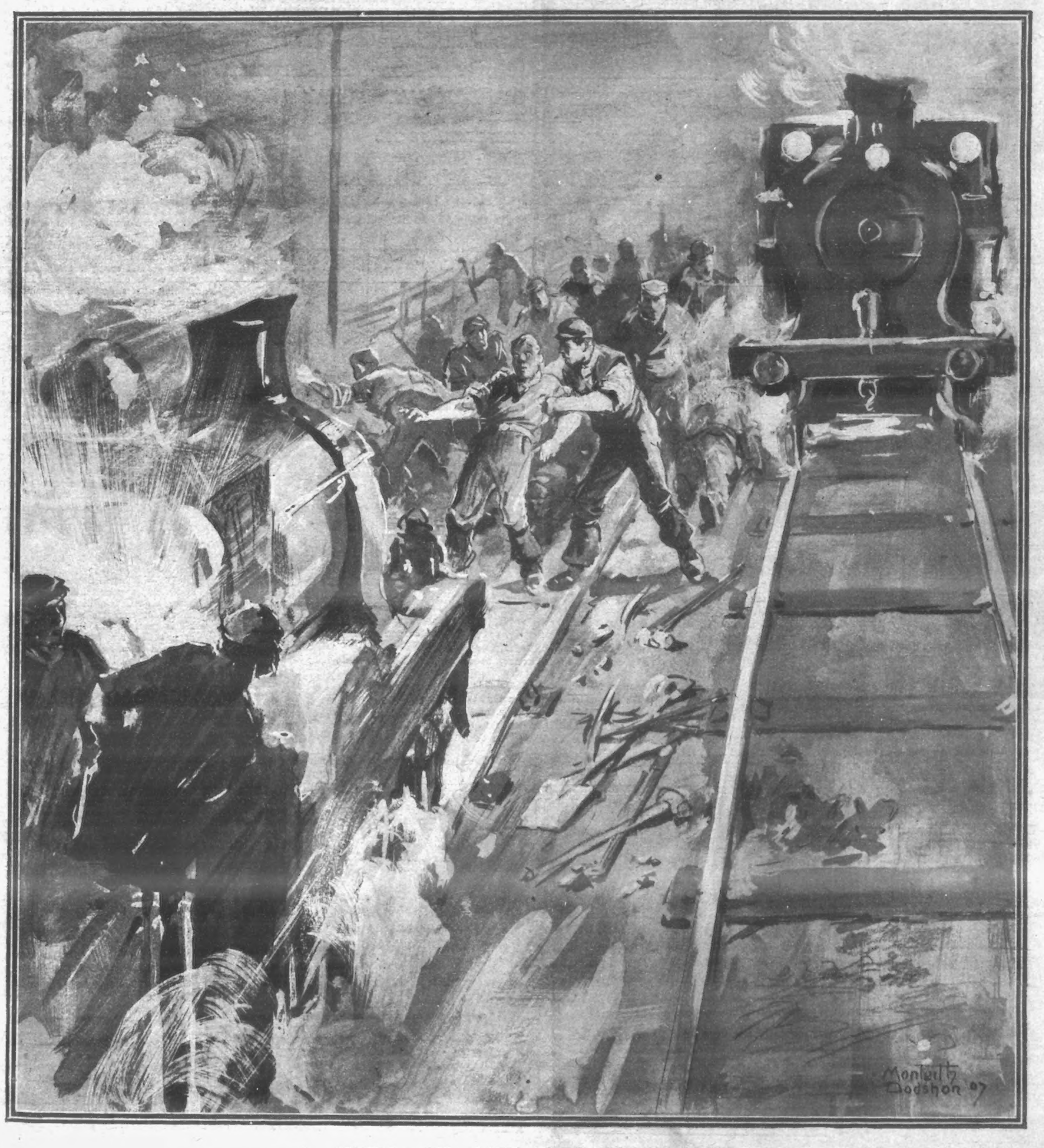
No. 2418.—Vol. 94. THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES September 28, 1907.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.



A HERO OF THE SIX-FOOT WAY.

Thomas Smith, a foreman platelayer, employed on the Wandsworth section of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, has died the death of a hero. Smith, upon whom an inquest was held on Monday, was engaged with his gang in removing clay from the line at Balham and replacing it with ballast. Suddenly the look-out man blew his whistle to warn the twenty-four men of the approach of an up local train. Unaware of the approach of a train in the other direction, the men stepped between the metals of the down local line, and simultaneously the two trains rushed upon the gangs. Smith could have saved himself by throwing himself flat between the metals and allowing the train to pass over him. Regardless of his own danger, he threw two or more men who stood dazed and hesitating into the six-foot way. He had just saved in this way the life of a man named Parrott, when he stumbled, was drawn under the train, and literally cut in half. This humble hero leaves a widow and five children to mourn him. At the inquest a verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Are Strikes Beneficial?

FOR.

CAPITALISTS buy labour, labourers buy bacon; both being moved by a common purpose of growing as comfortably fat as possible on the smallest possible expenditure. The capitalist will purchase his commodity anywhere, so long as it is good and cheap; when he finds that it does not come up to his expectations, he turns it off and buys more. His feelings of respect and goodwill towards it are not even equal to those of the labourer for his rasher; for the hungry man is reasonably grateful to his fill.

The object of the capitalist, then, being to grow plump by the consumption of human toil, we cannot altogether blame him if he looks upon labour as so much raw material. He has behind him shareholders anxious to share greedily, and he has ever at his elbow the general public who want cheaper everything. Under the circumstances, the inclination of capital is to make hard-driven bargains, and to produce conditions of employment which consider only one side of the question—the side of the employer.

Many men who have risen from the ranks of labour to positions of command have felt themselves gradually turning to regard those beneath them with the same cool, calculating eye beneath which they once worked with a bitter sense of injustice. Put it down to human nature—there is no better scapegoat—but the fact has to be faced that capital and labour must always be, in spirit at least, at war. Next comes the question of weapons, battle-grounds, and other necessary adjuncts to fighting out matters as decisively and quickly as may be. The employer brings down his mailed fist, the employee strikes, and there is no other

JUSTIFIABLE MEANS BY WHICH THEY CAN COME TO BLOWS.

If it were not for this counter-move which is in the hands of the workers, labour would gradually become composed of men so weak or so defenceless as to be completely at the mercy of the great employers of labour throughout the country.

The working man is the first to recognise that personal grievances cannot be entertained by the organisers of vast enterprises. If such a state of affairs were possible, the majority must suffer through the demands of the few, and there would be a never-ending succession of petty quibbles which would not in any way serve the conditions of employment at large. Even the strongest opponents of strikes are obliged to admit that they are the means of bringing general and deep-seated grievances before the employers of labour. It is not to be imagined for one moment that an army of men would pledge themselves to stand firm, to endure all the risks and hardships of a strike, if they were not fully convinced that, in so doing, they were carrying out a great work for their common benefit. Each for all and all for each is the maxim of the striker, and he takes a clear and straightforward way of driving it home.

What precisely are the benefits of strikes? In the first place, they have been the means of bringing the worker a fair return for his labour. If the capitalist employer had matters still entirely in his own hands, if he had nothing to fear from putting on the screw, there would at the present day be

A STARVING WAGE FOR ALL;

good men would be ousted if they asked for good wages and could not justify their claim. Without some definite means of insisting upon a frank consideration of their needs, discontent would smoulder, and men suffering under a hopeless sense of injustice and inhuman treatment would become a real danger to the whole community. Strikes have been the origin of the splendid organisations which exist at the present day for the purpose of protecting the interests of the workers in the face of the ever-increasing tendency to sweat humanity, and to place the employee in the position of the mere tool of the employer. In those occupations where men have not the courage or the combination of forces which would enable them to strike, we may gather a reflection of what would be the lot of the worker who allowed himself to be governed and dominated without any power of turning in self-defence.

The general content, and the happy spirit which exist among the English working classes, despite sour-grained assertions to the contrary, are surely the outcome of the knowledge that endurance without dawn is not the lot of the worker in this country. Every move in the game of the employer of labour is under a watchful eye, and sound common sense is brought to bear on the worker's relations with those he serves. There is no desire to skulk or to scheme in secret to secure those benefits to which he is rightly entitled as a free spirit. The policy of the worker is to come out into the open, to state a fair case, and to stand by it manfully. To deny that this is not a beneficial and healthy method of gaining protection and advancement in the labour market is sufficient to send every reasonable-minded mortal out on strike.

AGAINST.

Outside, the striker—but the blow has fallen within. Is he holding out? Yes, he's holding out. Look at him, the man who is "fighting for his rights"—his hands fingering the lining of his empty pockets, his lips set. At home, his wife is waiting for the bread he cannot take his starving children. He is part, is this figure, of a great organisation for issuing demands to the men who hold the purse; he is showing Capital how Labour can defy it; he is extracting his own terms by forcible argument; he is making a better man of himself, and his wife and children are crying out for food. Are strikes beneficial?

At a time like this, when the fate of thousands of families lies in the decision of the leaders of the railway employees, every man's mind should turn first of all to consider what a strike may mean to the women and children who are helplessly dragged into the quarrel. Is it a defensible position which any worker places himself in when he deliberately throws up the means by which he earns his living, and gambles with the chance of tiring out those whose resources are limitless compared with such as are at his disposal? If strikes are to prove of any benefit to those who take part in them they must be so conducted that the women and children are placed beyond the possibility of feeling the pinch. Those should be the terms, and those alone, on which the worker should insist before placing himself in the hands of association, society, or union.

CAN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN BE SUPPORTED WHILE THE MEN FIGHT?

and are the strikers justified in accepting any propositions which come from their leaders, and do not embrace a definite promise that, no matter what happens, if the struggle is prolonged far beyond the expected period, if the enemy prefers to go to any limit rather than yield up its determination, there will be none of the horrors of starvation?

But under the present circumstances what is the most that can be expected? How long would it be before the dwindling strike-pay ceased altogether? A few weeks at the utmost, and while it lasted life would have to be supported on a sum which must bring the greatest hardships to bear on the helpless members of the family. Why should these facts be steadily hidden from those who are on the verge of attempting a gigantic struggle?

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF RAILWAY SERVANTS.

NATIONAL MOVEMENT, 1907.

BRANCH STAMP.

BALLOT PAPER.

Are you in favour of handing in your notice to withdraw your labour at a given time in order to secure Representation by the Society's Officials to negotiate the National Programme, as decided by your delegates at the Conferences?

	"YES."	"NO."
Please put a X in one of these two columns, according to your decision, fill in your grade and railway below, enclose and seal in the accompanying envelope and return at your earliest convenience, but not later than OCTOBER 26th.		

Grade.....

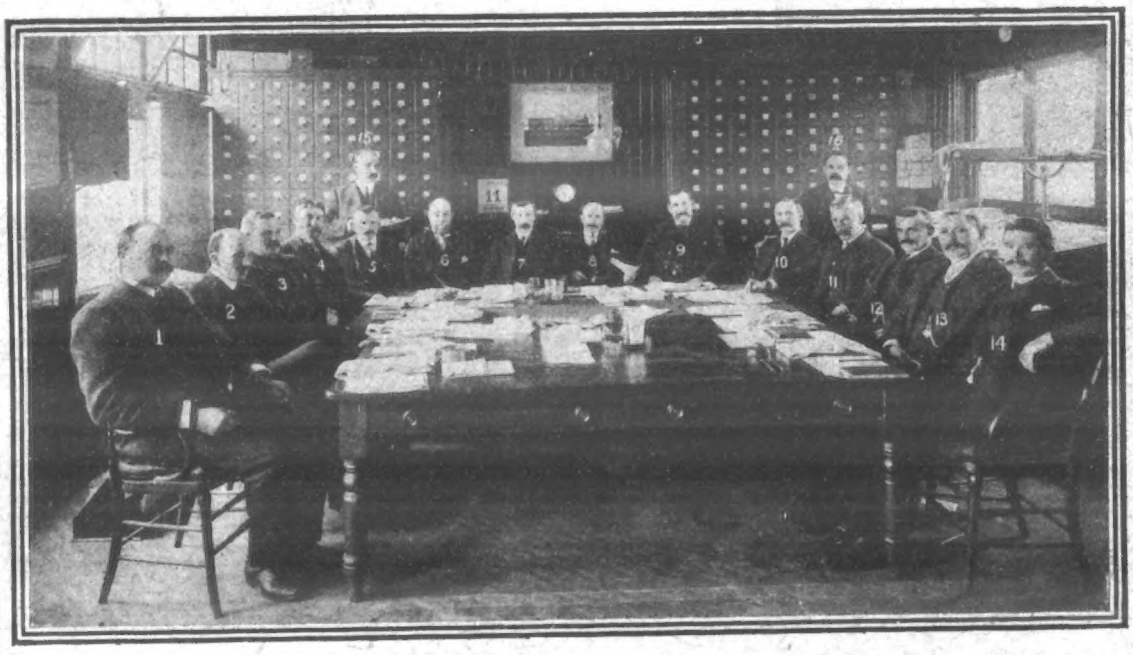
Railway.....

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

IS IT YES OR NO?

ABOVE we reproduce the ballot-paper to be sent out to the members of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants by Mr. Bell. With it he is sending a printed letter—"Dear Sir and Brother," he writes, "unsatisfactory as the conditions of service are at present, there can be no doubt that they will become considerably worse, and many men be made to suffer, if the movement be allowed to drop where it is. By every man doing his duty to himself, and standing loyally by his fellows, success is bound to follow. It is not my desire to unduly influence you at this stage beyond placing the full facts before you. It will be a cause for serious regret for the railway service in the future if you lack courage now. A ballot-paper is attached hereto, to which please put your X in one of the two columns. The issue is now in your hands. Let loyalty to your comrades in the railway service and confidence in your leaders be your guiding influence, to acquire which the following few lines by Goethe may inspire you—

"Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute:
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it:
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin—and the work will be completed."



THE MEN TO DECIDE FOR OR AGAINST A STRIKE.

The Executive Council of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants during the next few weeks will decide whether there shall be a railway strike. The principal object of the men is to obtain recognition of their society by the companies. Needless to say if such a strike should take place it will paralyse the trade of the country. Reading from left to right, the names are (1) T. Owen, (2) R. Bebbington, (3) T. J. Robinson (4) Swan, (5) Emblem, (6) Mayes, (7) Harber, (8) J. R. Bell (President), (9) Beardesley, (10) Topping, (11) Rimmer, (12) Brodie, (13) T. Murphy, (14) Edwins. Mr. Richard Bell (15) the Secretary of the Society, and Mr. Williams (16) his Assistant-Secretary, are seen standing.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

BEETHAM'S
LAIT LAROLA REG.
Entirely removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Tan, &c., and
Keeps the Skin
SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE
at all seasons. Invaluable for the Complexion.
Delightfully Soothing and Refreshing after Walking, Golfing, Cycling, Motoring, &c. Bottles 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6 each. Of all Chemists and Stores.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

BASSANO, Ltd.
Royal . .
Photographers,
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.
SPECIALITY:
Press Photography and Advertisement Designs.
For Prospectus, apply—THE MANAGER.

All Inquiries re Advertisements should be addressed to
THE MANAGER,
"P.I.P." Advertisements,
195, Strand, London, W.C.

PICTURES AND PEOPLE OF INTEREST.

Photo. Nicholls.

BLACKMAIL AND MURDER.

A great sensation has been caused by the arrest of Von Veltheim (the Transvaaler who killed Mr. Woolf Joel in Johannesburg) on a charge of blackmailing Mr. Solly Joel, the deceased man's brother. Our photograph is of Mr. Solly Joel standing with one of his racehorses in South Africa, just before the murder of his brother.

LIKE TO CURE LIKE.

This car, illustrating a scene in a hospital, formed part of the Islington Carnival procession in aid of the hospital funds, and proved a great attraction. The procession was a great success, and the deserving charity greatly benefited.

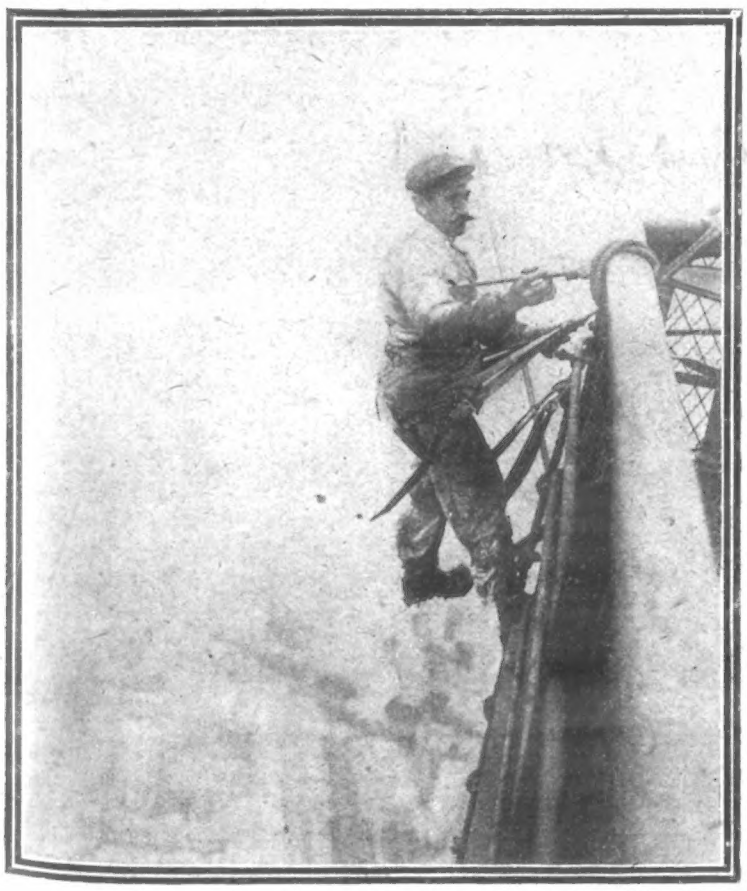


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH.

A workman engaged in [the dangerous task of painting the Eiffel Tower.

A great deal has been heard as to what a sweeping railway strike would mean to this country. Without gaining one item of good it has been made quite clear that in every class of society an amount of inconvenience would be occasioned scarcely realisable at the moment. For the rich and the poor alike the question of supplies would become most difficult to grapple with. The commonest daily needs would be almost as far beyond the reach of the well-to-do as luxuries are beyond the reach of the working man at other times. Those who could afford to do so, might be able to live in some degree of comfort at famine prices, but the working man would have to be content at best with bare sustenance. Yet the railway worker is ready to create such a condition of life as this about him, while at the same time deliberately reducing a wage which does not satisfy his wants with a normal market. The absolute blindness and folly of such a step is hard to associate with level-headed men taking, let us try to pretend, a free and independent action with the full intention of accepting the responsibility of their course.

That strikes create bad feeling among employees toward their employers, no one will seek to deny. In fact, if a good deal of bad blood did not exist, few strikes would ever become an accomplished fact. The mere intention of causing public companies to lose millions in order to learn obedience shows that hard hitting is intended. But the fact that the cat jumps both ways should not be lost sight of in estimating the value of strikes. On the admission of the railway workers themselves the servant who has once been out as a

STRIKER IS HENCEFORTH A MARKED MAN.

He may have been successful in his claims for a shorter day and a longer wage; but the ways of gigantic machines, such as railway companies, can be very officially cruel. The triumph of the striker may be great, but its briefness must be measured by the years that follow, when hopes of promotion and pension begin to grow dimmer, and when the benefits of strikes need to be dished up hot and strong before they send any warmth to the heart.

And after all there is something in this view of the matter. Strikes, if they are to be encouraged, ought to be perfectly satisfying to all concerned. If there is no other way in which master and man can settle their little troubles, then strikes we must have; but let them be strikes without a regret or a bitter memory in them. Up to the present this sample of strike has been conspicuous by its absence, and that the working man in general is perfectly satisfied with any existing scheme for his advancement which is not thoroughly sound (and beneficial), and does not, above all things, hold the care of the wives and children sacred, we quite refuse to believe.

SKELETON IN A CIRCUS.

TALE OF A MURDER IN THE RIDING RING.

CHARGED with the murder of his friend, Herr Hendschel, the son of a wealthy merchant, David Niederhofer, an ex-circus proprietor, twenty-seven years of age, was placed on trial at Munich on Monday.

Niederhofer, who is strikingly youthful in appearance, and was elegantly dressed, greeted the judge and jury with deep bows, his manner (says the *Daily Mail* Berlin correspondent) suggesting anything rather than the consciousness of guilt.

He stated that his circus was broken up in 1906. He offered to sell Hendschel his "looping the loop" machine, and Hendschel agreed to pay £350 for it.

Soon afterwards, Hendschel disappeared, and the accused made a claim against his family, and secured £125 and the return of the machine sold to Hendschel. Immediately afterwards he went to Hamburg and Berlin, and was surprised, he said, to learn of Hendschel's disappearance when he returned to Munich

In February this year the police arrested Niederhofer, and took him to the former site of his circus. There the ground was dug up and Hendschel's body, crushed face downwards into a narrow grave, and with a bullet in the head, was found.

The police believe that Niederhofer lured Hendschel to the circus while it was unoccupied, shot him, and buried the body. The prisoner expresses an absolute denial.

The case was adjourned. Two hundred witnesses are in attendance.

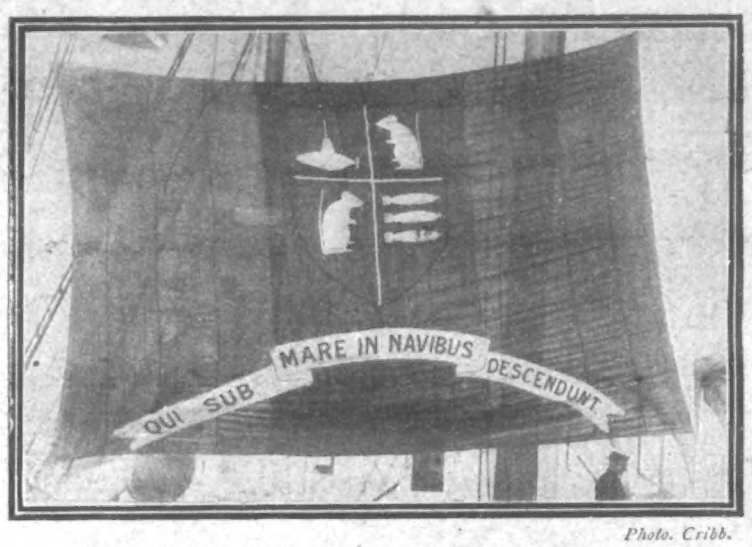
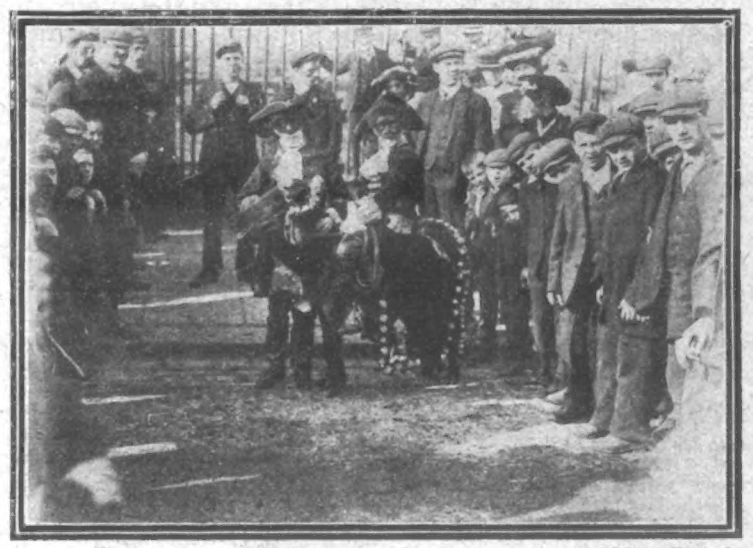


Photo. Cribb.

WHITE MICE RAMPANT FOR A CREST.

The Navy's new flag, the badge of the Submarine School, designed by Lieutenant Harvey. On the flag is a submarine, two white mice (which are kept on each submarine, as they are affected by pernicious air sooner than men), and torpedoes.



Ph. ts. Topical.

DICK TURPIN'S RIDE FOR CHARITY.

It was, perhaps, scarcely a happy idea to include the famous highwayman, Dick Turpin, in the procession, but as the "Black Bess" was impersonated by the smallest pony in the world, and Dick matched, people would scarcely take the suggestion of robbery seriously.

Photo. World's Graphic Press

CANINE CHARITY.

London Jack III., the dog collector at Waterloo Station for the Railwaymen's Orphanage Fund.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY" is the best drama Drury Lane has had for many a long day, and those who wish to "procure" some real sound thrills cannot do better than pay a visit to Mr. Arthur Collins' latest triumph without delay. The story Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton have written teems with human interest; the scenic effects are, needless to say, perfectly wonderful; and as for the dresses—well—they are simply dreams; and the hats the ladies wear, especially some of Miss Constance Collier's, would make even a usually contented girl envious.

***

On the first night "The Sins of Society" obviously admitted of improvement; but, looking in a couple of nights ago, I found that the necessary alterations had been made, with the result that now the whole performance goes beautifully smoothly. The wonderful picture of the Weir on the Thames, near Windsor, is worth going a long way to see; but Mr. Collins's greatest triumph is, I think, the sinking of the troop-ship, which is positively gruesome in its realism and, as an example of the real art of stage-management, it is a perfect "classic." The acting, too, is excellent all round, and Miss Fanny Brough has seldom done anything better—which is high praise indeed—than her representation of Lady Goldbury; while Miss Constance Collier is always "in the picture," and her husband, Mr. Julian L'Estrange, makes a gallant hero. However, the triumph of the evening easily falls to Albert Chevalier, who, as James Hogg, a retired bookmaker, gives a perfectly wonderful character study. We in London, lately, have seen too little of our Mr. "Chevaleer," as the gallery invariably call him, and one can only hope that this time he has come to stay longer, for as a character-actor he has few, if any, equals. Yes, if you want a tonic, a real, bracing, invigorating tonic, you should drop into Drury Lane as soon as possible. Believe me, a couple of hours there are worth more than the contents of a whole chemist's hop as a pick-me-up.

***

Since Miss Lily Elsie's return to "The Merry Widow" at Daly's the advance booking there has gone better than ever, and no wonder, for as the Merry Widow Miss Elsie gives a most fascinating performance. By the way, I well remember the first time I ever saw this clever young actress, marking her down then as sure, with a little more experience, "to make a big hit." It is good to learn, too, that Miss Elsie is not, after all, going to give up the stage, as, these days, in musical comedy, there is by no means a superabundance of talent.

***

"The Girls of Gottenberg" still continues to draw crowded houses at the Gaiety, and it will be a long time, I think, before Mr. George Edwardes need think of looking for a successor. Since her well-earned holiday, pretty Miss Gertie Millar has been playing more charmingly than ever, and one can only wish that the day will soon come when she will get a chance of showing her great ability in "straight" comedy.

***

The Alhambra has a particularly strong programme just now, and that gorgeous ballet, "The Queen of Spades," is quite a host in itself. But I must confess to have been severely disappointed when I looked in the other night to see the much boomed La Milo. This lady was quite the best of the many "living statues," which, until the County Council intervened, threatened to spring up by the score, but her Lady Godiva "turn," does not impress me one little bit, and I can only imagine that the advertisement given to the Coventry Pageant, and particularly to La Milo's ride, by the Press, is responsible for the appearance of Godiva at the Alhambra.

***

I hear excellent accounts of Mr. Roy Horniman's new play, "The Education of Elizabeth," which is to be produced at the Apollo within the next few weeks, and in which the Countess of Rosslyn (Miss Anna Robinson) will make her re-appearance on the stage. The cast all round will be a strong one, and although final arrangements have not yet been made it will, in any case, include Miss Lettice Fairfax and Mr. Marsh Allen. The story, I may say, is a modern one, dealing with the infatuation of a certain young man, "who thinks a lot about the high opinion of his people, don't you know," with an actress whose looks are better than her education—hence "The Education of Elizabeth."

***

Mr. Arthur Williams, who, by-the-bye, seems to get younger every day, has scored a big success at the Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, in "That Brute Simmons" which is a really clever sketch. Miss Carlotta Zerbini, who recently gave such a clever character-study of a schoolmistress in "The Dairy-maids," is also excellent; and, altogether, the little piece is well worth seeing. Frankly, I do not, however, think that Miss Jean Ailwyn will ever shine on the music-halls; at any rate, until she secures some better songs. The two I heard her sing a few nights ago are not worthy of her undoubted talent.

***

The art of telling a funny story is one which few people, unfortunately, understand; but that most humorous of comedians and best of good fellows, G. P. Huntley, has a way of recounting a yarn which would make even an undertaker with a cracked lip burst into mirth. A few days ago I bumped right up against "G. P." outside the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and, after we had discussed all sorts of matters, chiefly connected with theatres and racehorses, he incidentally told me the following story which, even in cold, hard print, will, I think, bear repetition—so here goes: "Once upon a time there was a showman who, on this particular time, was engaged in expounding to a party of visitors the various good and bad qualities of the inmates of his menagerie. He had discoursed at considerable length on the domestic habits of many sorts of weird birds and beasts; then he came to a rather odd-looking thing on four legs, constructed on the bear principle. 'What is that animal, Madam?' he said, as a lady approached the cage of this specimen in the corner of his menagerie. 'That noble beast, lady, is a laughing hyena; but as he only sleeps once in six months, eats once a week, and sees his wife and family once in two years, what on earth he has to laugh at beats me.'"

***

The Lyceum, Daly's, and Drury Lane are, at present, doing the best business in London, with the Aldwych as "runner-up." But, of course, the Lyceum is booming, for it can boast of the finest Press agent yet discovered—Mr. Hall Caine—who, as a boomster, would surely get top-weight in any Press handicap.

***

Do not be surprised if you shortly hear that Miss Maudi Darrell has set up in management for herself. This clever actress who, like so many others, graduated in musical comedy, has scored an immense success in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," at the Vaudeville, and, in the language of the Turf, promises "to train on."

***

That clever lyric-writer, Mr. Roland Carse, who was responsible for the lyrics of "Lady Tatters" and whose work is always consistently excellent, has just written a humorous History of England in verse, illustrations by W. Heath Robinson, entitled "The Merry Monarchs of England." An advance copy was brought to my notice a few days ago, and I can conscientiously recommend this book to all mothers and fathers with or without families. The youngsters will find it combines instruction with amusement—a very useful combination, from an educational point of view—while adults cannot fail to welcome it, for there is not a dull page from first to last.

***

Business took me to Manchester for a couple of days last week, and to while away the weary evening hours I dropped in at the Prince's Theatre to see Miss Denise Orme, who is now starring the provinces in "See-See." Miss Orme, who, as everyone knows, recently became the Hon. Mrs. John Yarde-Buller, told me between the acts that she had received a number of amusing letters recently from good, misguided souls, congratulating her on becoming the wife of "General Buller." Really the public do mix up things in the theatrical world sometimes, don't they? One private soldier, by the way, who was suffering from this delusion, actually wrote a note asking if he might have the honour of shaking hands with Miss Orme, "as," his message ran, "I 'ad the honer of fighting under the gineral in South Africa against the Bores."

THE PROMPTER.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, W.C.*

The Editor to his Friends.

SEEKERS AFTER SHADOWS.

MY DEAR READERS—

I never have been able to imagine what practical use the North Pole would be if anyone happened to discover it, and just of late, now that expeditions to reach it have been almost as plentiful as the fruit crop this year, I have been thinking about the matter quite seriously. Not that I have been asked my opinion, but simply because I am one of those people who simply love to mix themselves up in other people's business.

It does not seem probable that the region of the North Pole would make much of a boom if broken up into building lots, and it is mere guess-work to suggest that a pier and a troupe of tame Pierrots would prove anything of an attraction to week-enders. Besides, it would be an awfully long way to transport hot chestnuts, even if the alien usually associated with their sale could stand the climate. Of course, for all I know, for I am really a very ignorant person in such matters, the discovery of the North Pole might be a great boon to seafarers. I am quite sure that elaborate maps would at once be drawn, and possibly issued in fivepenny parts, but I can only think that it would be for the purpose of showing travellers how to *avoid* the Pole.

I suppose that the fascination of the North Pole can only be attributed to the call of the Unknown. I am quite convinced of one thing: if someone were to fetch the Pole and plant it in Trafalgar Square, not a living soul would take the trouble to go and see it, even if the L.C.C. paid their fares and provided a bear to climb up and down it and eat buns. I will go further, and say that there would probably be a protest from respectable citizens, asking that the Pole might be removed, as they considered it a blot upon the fair city of London (the description of London is not mine, for I have lived in it for years).

One of these days the Pole will probably be reached, but, meantime, explorers are trying to find it by means of ships, air-ships, motor-cars, sledges, and anything else that their inventive brains can think of. Really, the simplest way to reach it is through a lunatic asylum—you just enter the asylum and you are, to put it vulgarly, "up the Pole."

But, my dear readers, to speak seriously for a moment, is it not positively wicked the lives and money that are being thrown away upon these attempts? Right back through the years, to times that neither you nor I can remember, men have gone out in ships to find the North Pole. Some of these men have come back after failure, the bones of others have been found among the great fields of ice, and the rest—none know where they are. Yet others go, sometimes with funds provided by the Government, and—for what?

Is there any scientist living who can honestly, with his hand on his heart, say that the discovery of the North Pole would benefit one single living soul? True, the discoverer would probably be given a title, sundry indigestible banquets, and a couple of alphabets after his name; but, leaving him out of the question, who would benefit? I am no scientist, no groper after things still in the dark, but I am sure, for once, that these explorers, wasting nerves and pluck that might have enabled them to accomplish great things in other directions, would be doing themselves more good by paddling in the sea at Margate.

Some day, when the inhabitants of this world have grown quite sane again, I believe that we shall hear no more of North Pole expeditions, or of the theories of scientists who, staring through great telescopes towards the stars, say—with that calm confidence which is so sublimely ridiculous—that such-and-such a planet is inhabited, and that the other one is not. Our descendants, for you and I will long since have ceased to trouble about such things, will be content to live in a world that can be made very good to live in, to look to the things around them, without troubling about things that a Power greater than they possess has chosen to place out of their reach. There is one thing that the scientist will not admit, and that is that there may be things that he is not *meant* to discover. If any of them read these words, they will probably laugh at them and say that it is only a question of time; yet I, in my admitted ignorance, laugh back. I am sure, as sure as I am that this life is bound to come to an end, that there be mysteries that all the scientists of all the ages will not penetrate—thank Heaven. Think what it would mean if there were no mystery—think, if you dare.

To return to this North Pole, this goal that has already cost the sacrifice of many valuable lives, do you, when you come to think seriously about it, particularly want it discovered? Would you be one jot the happier to know that it is a bed of ice or a sea of warm water? Would the fact that bears with three heads, or men with no feet dwell there, interest you for more than a week?

Besides, you who admit a Power higher than that of mere man, do you not also admit that this same Power may have erected these walls of ice, these great glistening barriers beyond which man has never yet penetrated, because it were not good for him to do so? Are there not things that you are not to know, that must lie beyond your ken—for life? Why not rest here, among your fellow men, where you may do at least a little good, instead of going out to brave perils that most hardy men would shrink from, when no tangible good can come of it?

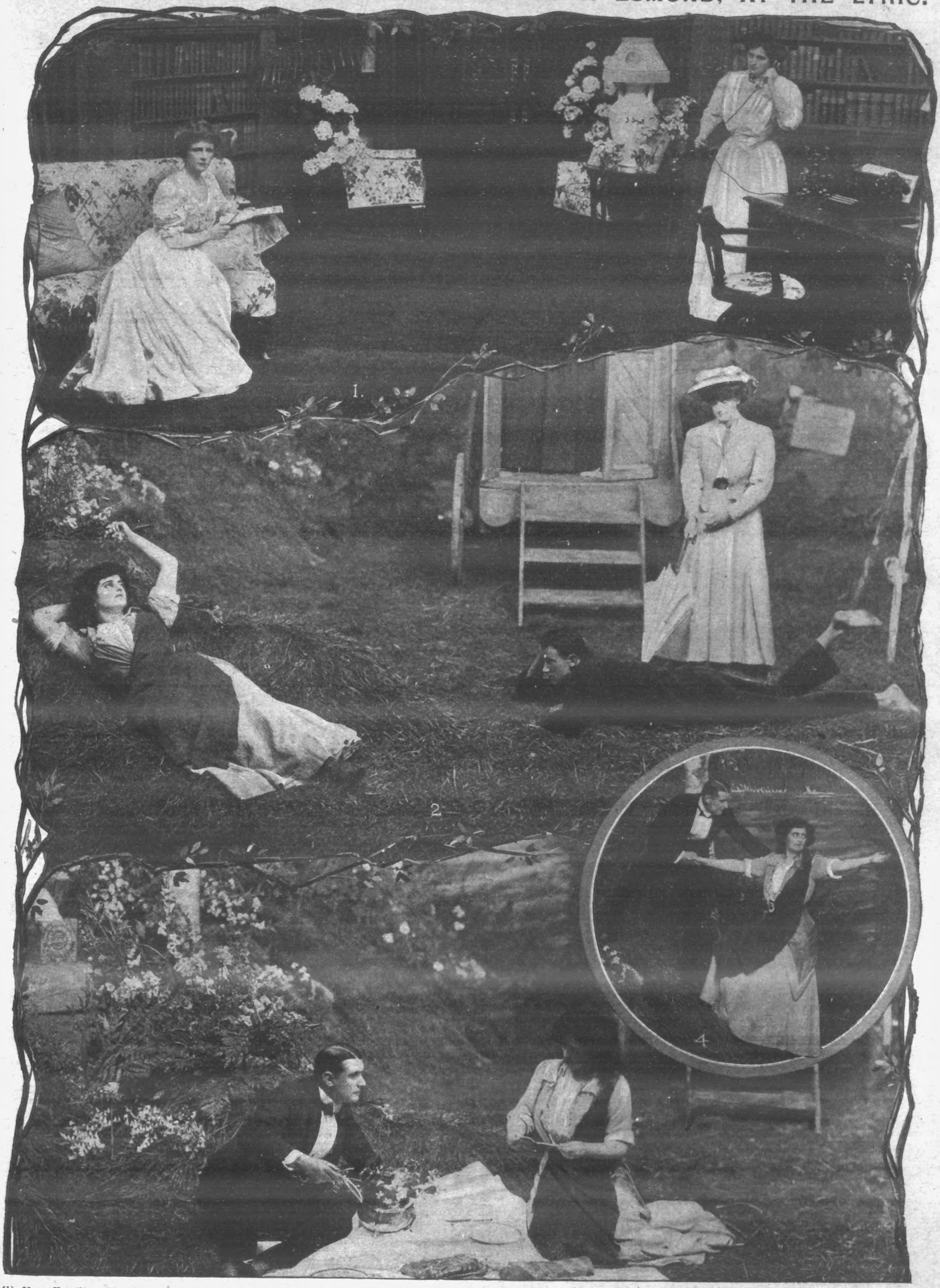
My dear readers, I can almost hear some of you saying that I am a man of no ambitions, a poor creature who would have the world stand still. Perhaps I am, but even then remember that these few words are the outcome of the sincere convictions of

Your Editor.

IF THE NORTH POLE WERE PLANTED IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE PEOPLE WOULD NOT TAKE THE TROUBLE TO GO AND LOOK AT IT.

N.B.—The Pole is really much taller than this, but the artist could not get it all into the picture.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE," BY H. V. ESMOND, AT THE LYRIC.



(1) Mary Hamilton (Miss Maxine Elliott) and Peggy Ingledew (Miss Mary Jerrold). (2) Mary Hamilton and Sir Kenneth Friarly (Mr. Eric Maturin). Mary Hamilton: "Something is going to happen soon—this is too good to last." (3) Mr. Charles Cherry as J. G. M. Hylton, Esq., J.P. (4) Mary Hamilton to Hylton: "But we must come back to the van—it has been so good to me."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

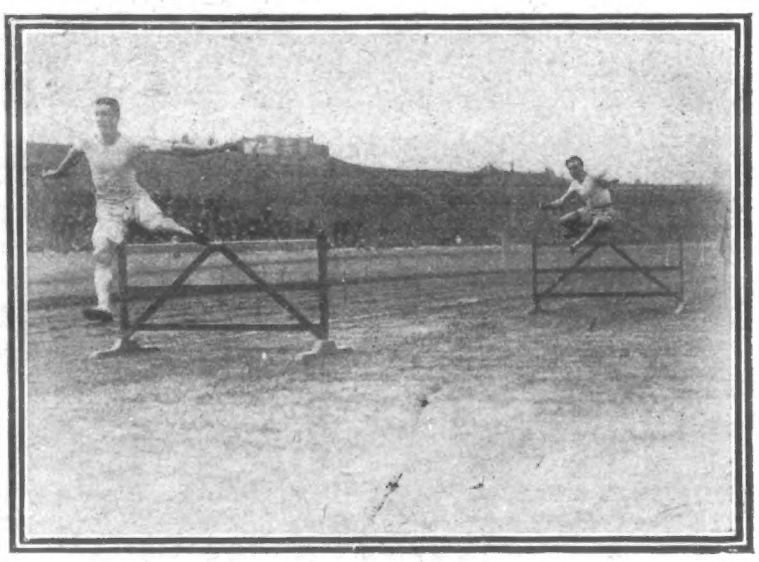
WESTMINSTER BULLDOG SHOW.
Mrs. Arthur Mayor's Ch. Silent Duchess, 1st and Champion.

WESTMINSTER BULLDOG SHOW.
Mrs. E. Waterlow's Ch. Nuthurst Doctor, Champion and Winner of Ten Guinea Trophy.

GREAT HIGHLAND GATHERING AT INVERNESS.
W. Sutherland throwing the hammer.

GREAT HIGHLAND GATHERING AT INVERNESS.
Alex Dempster tossing the caber.

L.A.C. AUTUMN MEETING.
J. S. Mayne (aged 51), on right, beats Col. Savage (aged 58) in an impromptu race of 100 yards.



L.A.C. AUTUMN MEETING.
300 yards Hurdle Race, won by Oswald Groenings, in record time.

FOOTBALL.

THE results of the matches in the League, so far, present a perplexing problem. One great feature of the play has been the number of goals scored, and some people are inclined to attribute this to the new off-side rule. A friend of mine says that the new rule is unfair; that fast forwards are too good for slow backs; but I cannot for the life of me see what that has to do with the argument. The pace will always tell in almost every phase of human life, and if a club has the misfortune to be handicapped by having slow backs, surely the remedy is in the hands of those who are responsible for the direction of its affairs.

But let that slide for the moment, though I may possibly refer to the question at some later date, when the clubs have had time to settle down and there is a better reason for judging the merits of the new rule. The fact, however, remains that there have been more goals scored up to date than at any similar period of any previous season.

The ups and downs of League football are often puzzling to the ordinary onlooker; to the trained critic they are simple enough. Sheffield Wednesday have the honour of being present leaders, and it is noteworthy that they are the only undefeated club.

Two clubs in the Senior League have yet to win a match, these being Bolton Wanderers and Preston North End. The Deepdale club, by drawing twice, have managed to secure two points, but their companions in misfortune have neither won nor drawn. Of course, Chelsea's progress since their promotion has been the object of special attention on the part of the onlookers down South, and very little comfort can the performances of the Stamford Bridge club have afforded the Walham Green crowd. Still, they atoned for some earlier failures by beating Newcastle United last Monday, and this should give them courage

Woolwich Arsenal only just avoided remaining in the company of the unfortunate clubs by beating Manchester City at Plumstead on Saturday. I saw the match, and I honestly think that they were much better than the score by which they won would suggest. At the same time, it was only by the aid of a penalty kick that they were able to gain their first full points of the present season.

Fulham's progress in the Second Division has not so far been very successful. They have played four matches, of which they have won two and lost two—form that is hardly likely to land them in the First Division. Clapton Orient are doing very well, but the best performance is that of Hull City, who have played five matches, of which four have been won and one lost.

There was a full programme in the Southern League last Saturday, and it is worthy of note that in every match the home team won. In only one case, however, was there any great margin between the sides, and I only mention the circumstance as a coincidence.

Queen's Park Rangers beat Swindon by the odd goal in three, and Tottenham Hotspur gained a like victory over New Brompton. Leyton's win over Bristol Rovers by two goals to nil was well deserved, but West Ham United only just managed to get the better of Crystal Palace by one to nil, even though playing at Boleyn Castle. The biggest victory in the competition was gained by Reading, who beat Brentford by five goals to one—rather a facer for the Griffin Park club. Watford got the better of Millwall by one goal to nil; Northampton had three goals to two the best of Portsmouth; Southampton defeated Brighton and Hove Albion by a similar margin after a rough game; Plymouth Argyle proved too good for Luton by two goals to one, and Norwich City recorded two goals against Bradford Park Avenue without a response, this being the Avenue's first defeat in the competition.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The last meeting of the athletic season — so far as the flat is concerned—took place at Stamford Bridge last Saturday, and, as is usual at the meetings promoted by the L.A.C., the sport was excellent, and most who witnessed the racing were inclined to the opinion that it was one of the best—if not the best—meeting in the annals of the club.

In the first place, two records were broken. The 120-yards hurdles champion, Oswald Groenings, was in great form. He met L. A. Burton in a match "over the sticks" at 300 yards. The latter is the Northern Counties champion, and a splendid race resulted. The L.A.C. man only beat the Northerner by half a yard in the record time of 36 3-5 sec. The previous best was 38 1-5 sec., made by Groenings himself, at Chelmsford, on July 20 last, on the occasion of the Essex championship meeting. The time would beat many good runners on the flat, let alone over hurdles.

In the mile relay race between a team of the L.A.C. and the Rest of England, the latter won, but it must be admitted that the premier club had not the best of luck. Eight aside ran, and the Rest covered the distance in 3 min. 4 sec. It is the best time yet made in this class of contest, and will doubtless be passed by the A.A.A. as a record.

Another interesting item on the card was a sporting match between veterans, J. S. Mayne, Finchley Harriers, and Colonel Savage, L.A.C. The former is fifty-one, and his rival fifty-eight; the winner (J. S. Mayne), won by a yard in 12 sec.—really wonderful time for men of their years. A 100-yards handicap went to G. J. Grover, Herne Hill Harriers; a two-miles walking handicap was secured by H. W. Hines, Finchley Harriers; the 300-yards challenge cup was taken by E. H. Montague, the 440-yards champion The other events call for no special comment.

The final of the Turner Cup Competition for the club championship of the London Centre N.C.U., postponed from the 3rd inst., was decided on the Crystal Palace track last Saturday. The competing clubs were the Polytechnic C.C. and the Putney A.C., and in the aggregate the Regent Street Club scored 17 points to 23, the lower score counting.

BILLIARDS

I have seen many phases of billiards, but I don't think I ever saw a more striking exhibition than John Roberts gave on Monday afternoon, when, emerging once more from retirement, he commenced his match with Weiss on an arc-oval table at the National Sporting Club. It was curious to see the greatest personality the billiard world has ever seen hesitate and cogitate to such a degree as he did, and it was curious, also, to hear him utter a remark in the middle of the break. There is no doubt that the oval table will find many devotees, for it is full of possibilities, but whether it will do the old-time oblong table much harm remains to be seen.

Dawson gave a very fine exhibition at Thurston's last week against Lovejoy, whom he beat by 2880 points. The Yorkshireman showed quite top-match form, and in the absence of Stevenson he should easily establish the best reputation of any professional for the present season.

WESTMINSTER BULLDOG SHOW.
Mr. Luke Crabtree's Moston General, 1st Prize.

Mrs. M. Bilborough's French Bulldog, Monsieur Blanc, 1st and Silver Cup.

PYJAMAS AS TENNIS SUITS.

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Evening News*, pyjamas are not popular in Philadelphia. Whilst staying at an hotel there he sent several pairs of pyjamas to be washed. When they came back they were starched so stiff that they stood up by themselves. On one of the coats was found a paper containing the following words—"To three lawn-tennis suits, 6s."

THE OPEN MOUTHS.
The Captains' toss for choice of ends.

ONE IN THE EAR.
Cross (Arsenal) clears from a corner. Arsenal 2, Manchester City 1.

ARSENAL v. MANCHESTER CITY.

THE "ALL-BLACKS."

THE names of the "All-Black" professional Rugby team are not yet to hand, but it is believed that the combination which is on its way to England includes G. W. Smith, D. McGregor, W. Johnstone, and W. Mackrill, who were in the "All-Black" team of two seasons ago.

It will also contain E. Wrigley, R. Wright, E. Watkins, and T. Cross, who played in a selected team which defeated the "All-Blacks," and some other players who have taken part in the North and South Island matches.

The team is looked upon as being a very fine one, and great expectations are formed in Yorkshire and Lancashire respecting it.

SYNDICATE TO SECURE THE CUP.

REPORTED ORGANISATION OF A COMPANY TO DEFEND THE AMERICA CUP.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S formal challenge for the America Cup from the Royal Irish Yacht Club was opened this week at the special meeting of the New York Yacht Club.

Speculation regarding the reception of the proposals embodied in the challenge continues unabated.

Many Americans, says the *Telegraph* correspondent, still pin their faith to freak racing machines, providing they have the best chance of winning, and they will not easily agree to a different class of craft.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

A CROWD ON "SPION KOP."
A huge grass bank has been built on Birmingham's new ground, and it is already known throughout the neighbourhood as "Spion Kop."

The cost of reproducing the *Reliance* would be upwards of half a million dollars. The *Reliance* cost £40,000 to build and £40,000 to run, while the club spent £10,000 for the mere conduct of the races.

Material and workmanship are more expensive now than they were then, and it is believed that the new defender will exceed these figures.

According to the *New York Times*, a syndicate of the yacht club is being organised to defend the America Cup, and the names of Mr. Edward H. Harriman, Col. Robert M. Thompson, Mr. Cornelius K. G. Billings, and Mr. Roy A. Raine are mentioned as generous subscribers.

Mr. Guy Thorne has gone abroad, and in a little village in the Italian Alps is writing a story on a theme which he considers much more powerful and fascinating than that of "When It was Dark." The new story, "The Christ Arisen," has been secured by *Good Words*, the popular penny religious weekly, for publication in its columns, starting on Oct. 1.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

THE LOOK OF HOPE.
The Grimsby goal-keeper waiting to clear. Grimsby won by a goal to nil.

FOOTBALL FACES.
Fulham, who were by no means disgraced by losing the match, heading to centre.

FULHAM v. GRIMSBY.

THE HORRORS OF A STRIKE.—By N. M G.

PAWNED.

IT was a dark night, with a suspicion of rain in the air, but the woman who hovered round the corner of the narrow street did not seem to find it dark enough, for she kept back in the deeper shadows. The light from the street-lamp close at hand shone fitfully. A pane of glass had been broken, and the wind forced the flame down until it seemed as if it must go out.

Pawned! The first time.

A tall man, with a bend of the shoulders that took much away from his height, went slouching along the street. From the corner of his mouth protruded a smokeless pipe; his hat was dragged down as if his one desire was to see nothing of a particularly wretched world, and his hands were thrust deep into his pockets. The sole of one boot was loose, and as he walked along it flapped idiotically. Earlier in the day a piece of string had held it fairly firmly to the upper, but that had long since parted.

As soon as the man had passed, the woman moved out of the shadows and hurried along the street. The surface of the pavement was slimy with mud and drizzle. Under her arm she carried a small bundle, hugging it much as a mother holds her baby. The glare of the light from a public-house on the other side of the road threw her into sharp prominence, and she hurried out of the light as if only the darkness was welcome to her.

At the end of the street stood a dingy shop with three brass balls, tarnished to iron-colour by the years they had seen go by, above the door. The woman, staring straight ahead, caught sight of the emblem of poverty, and caught her breath sharply. She held back, clutching the parcel in her arms closer to her, and half turned, as if with the intention of retracing her footsteps.

The figure of a woman, walking jauntily, with the air of one defying the world at large, emerged from the pawnshop, and the woman with a bundle moved on. She walked quickly, like one who has made a resolve but fears that time will weaken it.

The three shabby brass balls loomed over the woman's head. She stopped and looked up at them, dully and listlessly. She turned towards the doorway, and shifted a hand from the bundle to push the door open. Before she could do so a man came slowly out, counting some coppers that lay in the palm of his hand. His clothes were ragged and worn, and the muffler round his neck had long since lost its original colour, and was now an inoffensive drab hue.

The woman drew back hurriedly, pressing against the wall, as if hoping to find concealment there.

The old man—there was more white than black in his hair—dropped the coppers into his pocket, and eyed the woman curiously. He seemed to realise what the trouble was, for he shrugged his shoulders with the air of a man who has long since become used to the troubles of a hard world.

"Puttin' it in, missus?" he asked in a rough voice, but with a certain kindness behind his gruff tone.

The woman nodded her head, a frightened look in her eyes.

"Fust time, ain't it?" the man queried.

"Yes," the woman answered in a whisper, finding her voice.

The man jingled the coppers in his pocket and tried to look cheerful.

"Don't you take on about it, missus," he said. "Lor', it 's won'erful 'ow you gets used to it."

The woman turned as if even now she would go back; but the man took her gently, but firmly, by the arm.

"They shuts in ten minutes," he said meaningly. "G'-night."

As the man moved away the woman, with a sudden quickening of resolve, passed through the doorway. She found herself in a room which appeared to contain nothing but a number of doors, all set in a row. She pushed one open, and stood facing a long counter. Behind the counter stood a young man, his face damp with the close heat of the place, and behind him was shelf after shelf covered with bundles, to each of which was pinned a piece of paper. Away to the right stood a massive safe, and the woman found herself dimly wondering how much money there was behind the closed door.

"How much?" The sharp, business-like tones of the dark assistant brought the woman back to her senses. She mechanically dropped the bundle on the counter, and the man, unknotting it with nimble fingers, unrolled a grey blanket.

"How much?" he demanded again.

By an effort the woman pulled herself together.

"Two shillings," she said in a whisper.

"Two what?" The man laughed, and pushed the bundle back towards the woman.

"It cost five," she said, a note of defiance creeping into her voice.

The man glanced at the woman, and perhaps guessed the state of her case, for his manner lost a little of its roughness.

"The strike?" he suggested.

"Yes."

For the second time the man examined the blanket.

"Can't do more 'n a shillin' on it," he said, with an air of finality. "Ain't you got nothing else?"

The woman glanced back over her shoulder, as if afraid that someone was watching her, then laid a plain gold ring—a wedding-ring, worn with the passing of years—on the counter. Her lips moved to say something, but no sound came.

"Five bob," the man said shortly.

The woman nodded her head, her eyes on the white mark round the third finger of her left hand. She heard the scratch of the man's pen, and took the ticket that he pushed towards her.

"Got the 'a'penny?" he asked.

With the pitiful little sum of money grasped tightly in her hand, the woman hurried out of the shop. She had scarcely taken a couple of steps along the pavement before she bumped into a big woman carrying a parcel.

"Mrs. Myers!" said the latter. "You ain't 'ad to go there"—she nodded her head towards the pawnshop—"yet?"

"No, thank God," the other woman answered in a husky voice, and hurried on, the money in her hand seeming to burn into her palm.

But then—it was the first time.

TEMPORARY INSANITY.

THERE was a curious sense of depression hanging over the town—a something intangible, but none the less real. The men lounging at the corners of the streets were unusually quiet, and, for once, they were not discussing the aspect of the strike. They had been out for over two months now, and blacklegs had been found to carry on the work. True, there were hitches born of inexperience and incompetence, but the work was going on.

On two occasions the strikers had come to blows with the blacklegs, but the latter had been reinforced by a strong body of police, and some of the strikers still carried the marks of truncheons.

Down in the side-streets, where most of the strikers lived, the air of depression was still more noticeable. Women with babies in their arms, thin-faced and haggard, stood by their front doors. They were not silent, however, for they talked of hope that they had for the morrow. Hope had really left them long since, but they tried to hide it even from themselves. They knew—none better—that the last of the strike-pay had been distributed, and that even that meagre amount could no longer be lived—or starved—upon.

Yes, they talked, these women, and when they were not speaking of the strike, it was of the thing that had happened two days back.

"Goin' along?" one woman asked another.

"May as well," the other answered, "if your Lily 'll keep an eye on the kid—not that there 's a spark o' fire for 'im ter fall into now." She laughed bitterly.

"Well, it ain't perishin' cold yet," the first woman said hopefully, "an' plain bread don't want no cookin'. Please 'Eaven, our men 'll be back at work afore the winter."

The two women, drawing their shawls over their heads, moved away down the street. Other people, mainly women, were walking in the same direction, as if they all had a common object in view. One of the women paused as she recognised her husband standing with a group of men at the street corner.

"Comin', Bill?" she inquired.

The man growled something inaudible in his throat, and the woman hurried on to rejoin her companions.

By the time the bridge over the canal was reached it was plain that something out of the ordinary was happening, judging by the number of people moving in the same direction. It seemed that the canal was connected with the affair in some way, for more than one woman paused to point at a certain point on the bank, where a group of men stood staring into the water, their faces grim and hard.

"You 'd think it was still there," a woman said with a shudder.

"It ain't another?" her companion suggested.

"Gawd forbid."

From the canal road the crowd wended its way through the main street, turned to the left, and halted near a stucco-fronted building, the entrance to which was guarded by a policeman. A crowd of three or four hundred, mostly women, stood staring up at the building as if it held a strange fascination for them.

The new-comers, swelling the crowd, heard that there was no room left. As the policeman at the door had said, after forcing back an exceptionally energetic party—"This ain't a theatre."

No; it was the coroner's court, and the women were there to hear the verdict on the man, a striker, who had been found drowned in the muddy water of the canal. He had left a widow and four children.

A few men on the outskirts of the crowd took off their hats, as if they were at a funeral, as a small woman, wearing a rusty black dress, on to which ragged scraps of crape had been hurriedly pinned, passed them. Her eyes, with the red circles round them, were fixed on the ground, and a cheap handkerchief with a deep black border was crushed in her right hand. Beside her, holding on to her dress, trotted a boy of about six. His blue eyes were filled with a look of surprise, and he was obviously proud of the band of black cloth pinned to his left arm.

"'Ere she comes," a woman said loudly, and with a startling suddenness the crowd became silent.

The woman in black clutched at her child's hand, and hurried him to the entrance to the court. As she passed from view the silence was broken as suddenly as it had come.

"'Oo says it 's the men what suffers through strikes?" a big woman said huskily.

The crowd stirred and pressed forward as the woman in black emerged from the Court-house. Her eyes were redder than ever. She paused on the steps, and her face was contorted by a sob.

"Don't you take on, missus," the policeman said, with gruff kindness.

A big woman, who had all along been standing in the front of the crowd, pushed her way forward and touched the constable on the arm.

"What 's the verdick?" she asked eagerly.

"Suicide—temporary insanity," the man answered shortly.

The woman in black swung round, her eyes wild.

"'E weren't insane!" she cried hysterically.

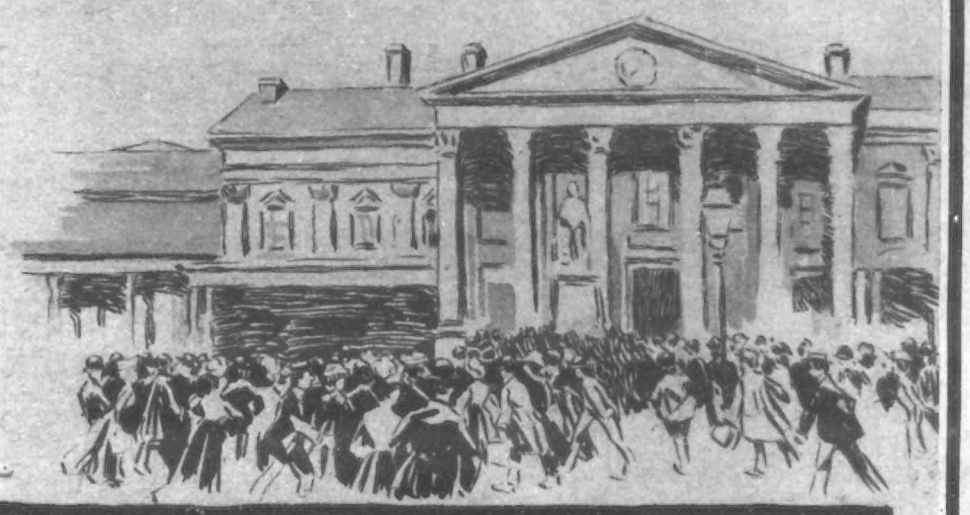
The big woman took her by the arm.

"You come 'ome, my dear," she said huskily.

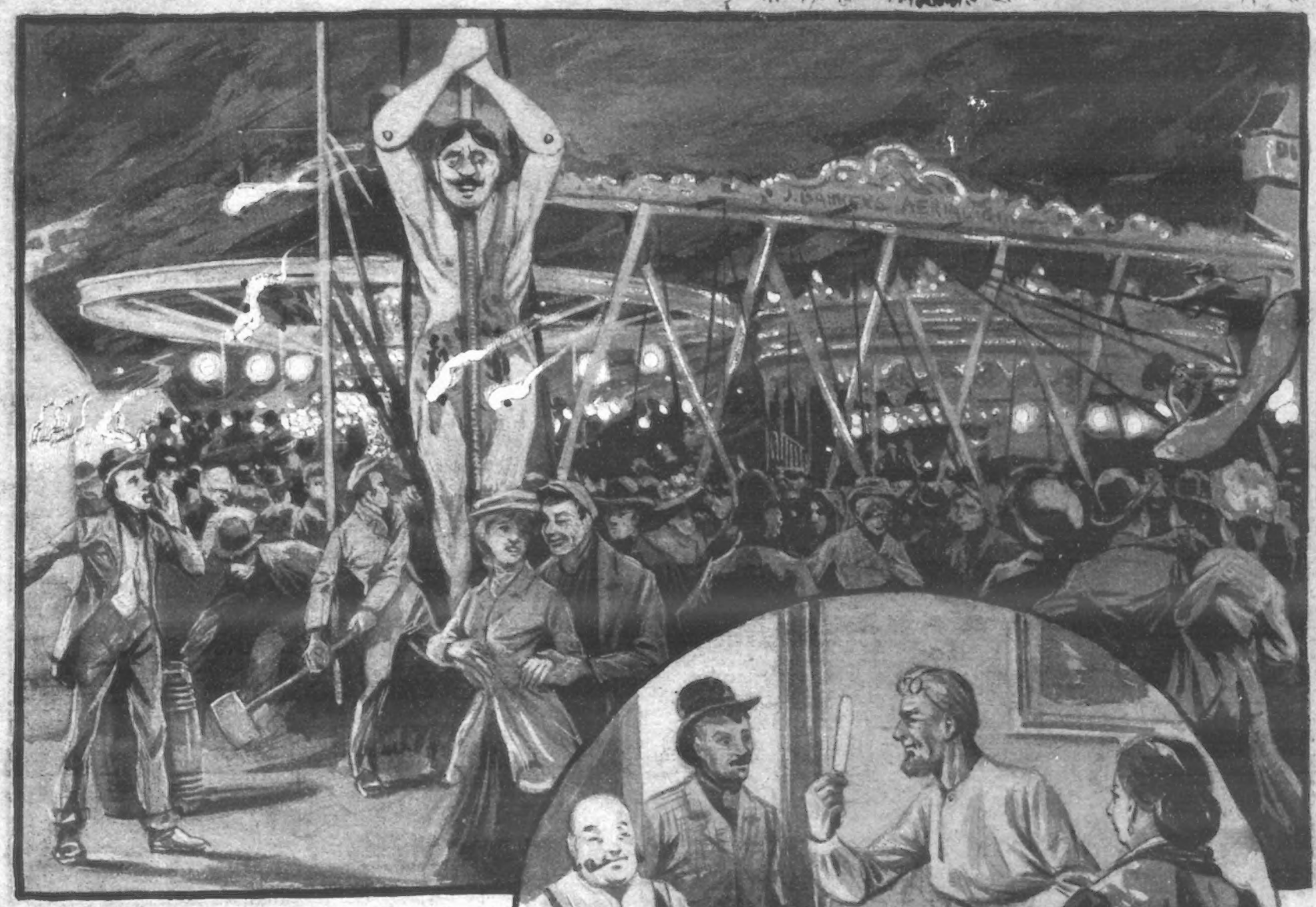
The small boy was obviously very proud of the scrap of black cloth pinned to his sleeve.

HONLEY FEAST

THE GREAT YORKSHIRE FESTIVAL.



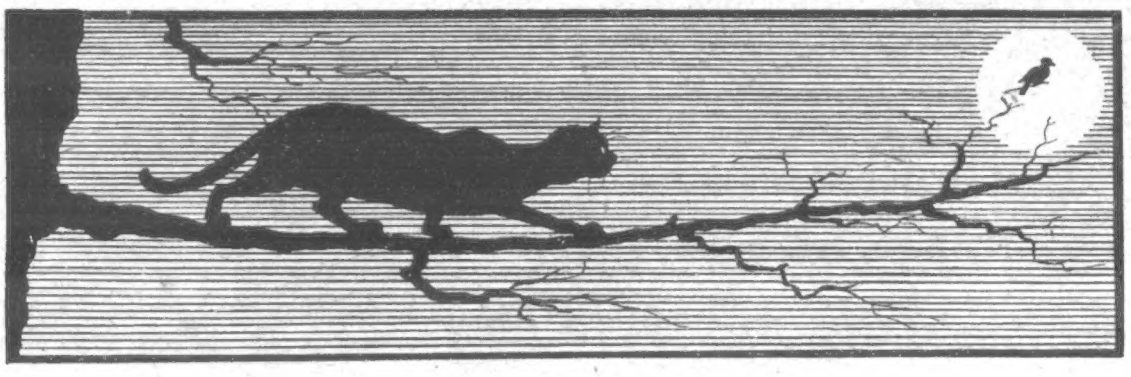
THE RUSH FROM HUDDERSFIELD FOR BLACKPOOL



Leaving the Mills.

H.M.J. HUDDERSFIELD 1907.

This week celebrates the survival of the longest of the North Country Feasts. It is of a week's duration, during which time all the mills, many of the shops, and on one day even the banks in the vicinity of Huddersfield, are closed. Our central Illustration gives a view of Lockwood Fair, and the bottom one shows a curious custom which is still kept up. For three days the village of Honley and its environs keeps open house, and any stranger may drop in unasked to the public houses or cottages and be regaled with cold beef and pickles. Yorkshiremen keep this custom religiously in all parts of the world—in fact, this is probably the most widely kept "Feast" in existence.



HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

Quite Simple.

A traveller, who was "roughing it" on a trip through one of the most rural of the United States, seldom inspired the local landlords with confidence, owing to his shabby appearance.

In one town he was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground.

"I say, how would I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his bag.

The other eyed him coldly.

"Wall," he drawled, "all you would have to do would be to show the night watchman—the one with the revolver—a receipted bill for your board an' lodgin', an' get him to tie up the bulldog."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Taught a Lesson.

The youth who knows everything entered the chemist's shop with a jaunty air and displayed to view an ink-bespattered white waistcoat.

"Spilt the marking-ink over it," he explained, "and I have just called to ask if you can get it out. I've heard it 's possible."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the chemist's assistant—"that is, if it is the ordinary marking-ink."

And, taking the damaged article of dress, he proceeded to eradicate the marks, explaining the method meanwhile.

"This solution," he said, pouring some liquid over the waistcoat, and allowing it to lie in a tray, "bleaches the part affected by the ink."

"Er—yes; just so," said the interested watcher.

In the space of a few minutes the assistant, having rinsed the solution out of the article, handed it, limp but white, to its owner.

"How much?" asked the youth.

"One shilling, please," was the reply.

"Too much," remarked the youth. "I shan't pay you more than sixpence."

"Just as you say," returned the assistant, with affected carelessness. "But I see there is one spot not erased yet. Allow me"—and he received the waistcoat back to remove the imaginary spot. "You see," he went on, laying it in another dish and taking a bottle from the shelf behind him, "the solution does not really eradicate the ink, but bleaches it; and this," he added blandly, pouring some liquid over it, "instantly restores the spots to their previous blackness, with perhaps rather more intensity."

The jaunty youth looked on in dismay while the assistant coolly rinsed the article and handed it back to him, with the remark—

"I am always pleased to show these little experiments, Sir, and if you wish to have those ink-stains removed again I shall be happy to do so for five shillings."

And, as the youth left the shop in a towering rage, the man of drugs went behind his dispensing screen to have a quiet chuckle.—*Chums.*

But it Failed.

A smart youngster turned up at school with his face bound up, and all the evidence of a bad attack of toothache.

Perhaps the master knew his boy, for he wasted no time in expressions of sympathy.

"Where were you yesterday, Jones?" he demanded.

Jones mutely pointed to his bandaged face, but his questioner was merciless.

"Did you hear me? Where were you yesterday?" he repeated.

"Ferreting!" blurted Jores.

"Indeed!" ejaculated the master. "So you played truant in order to go ferreting, and so contracted toothache?"

Jones was silent for a moment, and then, perhaps under the impression that he couldn't very well make matters worse, he candidly replied—

"I contracted nuthin', Sir. But I thought if I tied my head up, ye'd be askin' no questions!"

Unexpected.

A cookery teacher was giving a lesson to a class of children, and questioning them on points of mutton. The neck, shoulder, leg, and loin had been mentioned.

"Now," said the teacher, "there is another point no one has mentioned. Come, Mary, I know your father is a groom; what does he often put on a horse?"

"A shilling each way, Miss," was the unexpected answer.—*Penny Magazine.*

Nelson's Tight Corner.

A countryman was on his first visit to London, and, though he was shown all the objects of interest, he gave but a passing glance to each of them and not even a word of comment. At last it was obvious something had been found to interest him. He scanned the Nelson Monument as if fascinated, running his eye from the point where the statue stood to the base of the column, and back again; then he fastened an intent gaze upon the lions. His lips parted and his friends drew near to hear his criticism of the sculptor's art.

"Well, well," he said, "they 've got the old man up a tree, ain't they?"—*The Penny Magazine.*

Stretching a Point.

Miss Millie Browne, who was by far the prettiest girl in the village, was blessed with a father who resolutely snubbed all young men who came to see her. One evening, Charles Newton, a bashful young man, called. Mr. Browne and old Mr. Newton were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognise the visitor.

"It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"'Taint goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally, the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you?" he growled.

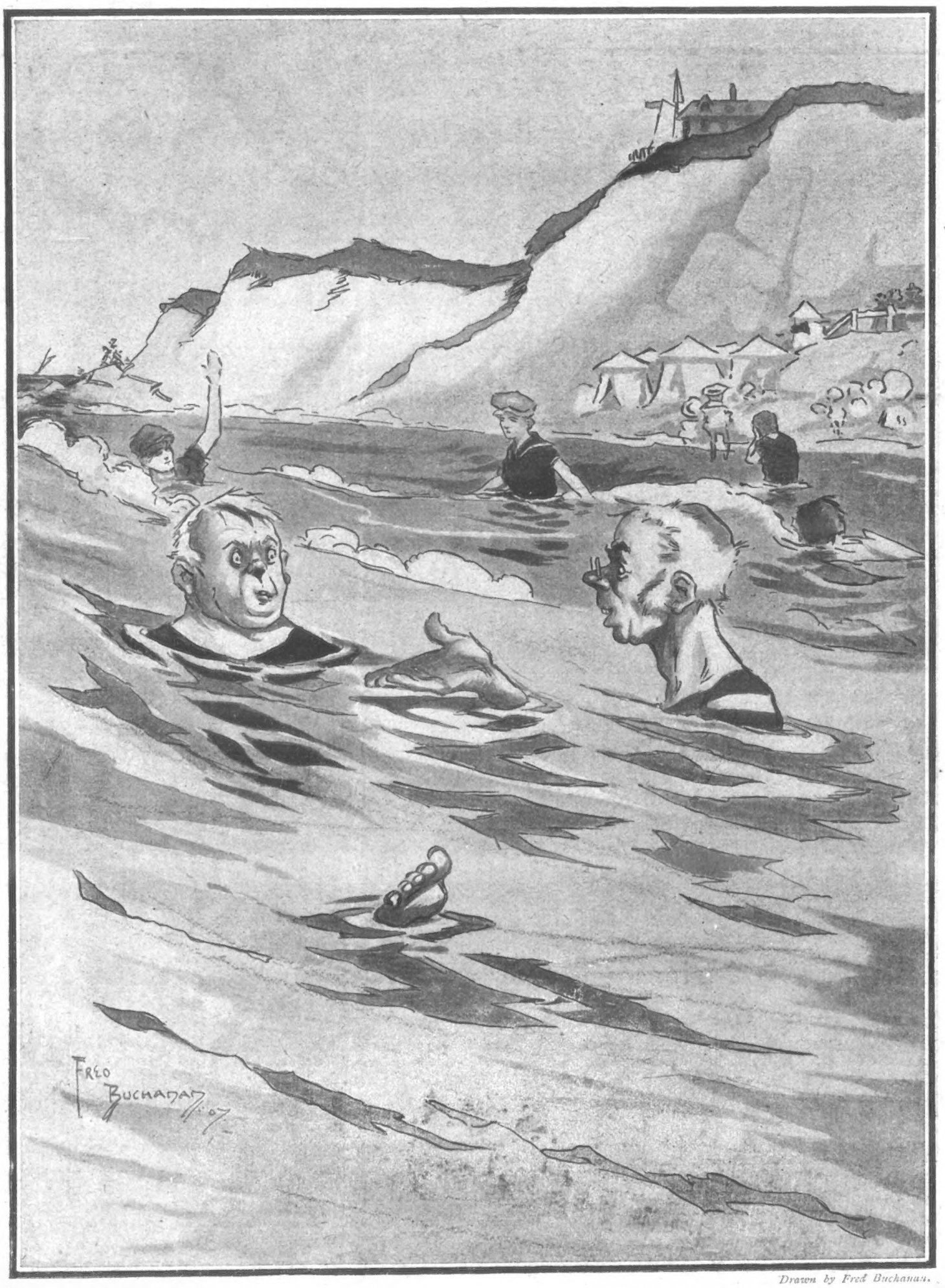
"Charles Newton, Sir."

"What! Not old Tom Newton's son?"

"Yes,

"Well, well," said Mr. Browne more kindly, "it may rain. It may rain."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

THE EFFECT OF OUR SEPTEMBER SUMMER.



Drawn by Fred Buchanan.

ABSENT-MINDED BATHER: Hullo, old man. Glad to see you. Sit down and have a drink.

Just His Luck.

"Never mind," said the friend soothingly, "you'll wake up some morning and find yourself famous."

"Not much!" growled the disappointed young poet. "It would be just my luck to oversleep myself that morning!"—*Penny Magazine.*

Spoiled the Fishing

At nine o'clock the other morning a wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting for town, and kindly said to him—

"William, you know how badly I want a new dress."

"Yes, dear," he remarked; "but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have a new dress, and a new hat as well. Be patient."

Forty minutes after this he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fishing-rod, bound up the river. In the basket were a chicken, pickles, cake, fruit, and a bottle of liquor of a rich colour, and he was just lighting a fine cigar when his wife came along.

"What, you here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; I was just going to the stores. Where are you going? What's in that basket?"

"I was going to carry this fishing-rod to a friend," he modestly answered.

"And that basket?"

"This basket? Well, I was going to take it to the orphan asylum as a present for the children. It is a donation from six business friends."

"William, I don't believe it."

"Hush! Don't talk so loud."

"William, I shall talk louder yet," she exclaimed. "I'm sure you are going fishing."

"Mary, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked. "I never have As proof of my sincerity, you can take this basket to the asylum yourself."

"And I'll do it," she promptly replied, as she relieved him of it.

"Mary, hadn't you——"

"No, Sir, I hadn't. You had better make haste with the fishing-rod, as the man may want it."

She left him there. He watched her take the 'bus for home; then he returned the fishing-rod, crossed the street, and said to an acquaintance—

"Tom, I'm suffering from neuralgia, and the excursion is off till next week. Too bad, but we can never tell what a day may bring forth."

There were chicken, and pickles, and other good things on the table at dinner; but he never smiled, even when she wished that she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed. He never betrayed the gloom of his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and saw it labelled "Good for little children," that he said, "Mary, it is an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a designing impostor."

"It must be," she replied, as she helped herself to the other chicken-wing. —*Tit-Bits.*

One Spur.

A man went into a shop to buy a spur

The shopkeeper naturally desired to sell a pair, and said—

"Shall you not require two, Sir? How can you manage with one spur?"

"Oh," replied the man, "that will be all right. If I make one side of the horse go, I'll be bound the other will follow."

No Mistake.

A head adorned with a red night-cap was thrust out of the window, and a voice inquired—

"What is it?"

"Oh, is this Mr Higgins'?" came the shrill reply from the pavement below.

"Yes."

'Please come to No. 414, High Street as quick as you can, and bring your instruments."

"I'm no doctor; I'm a carpenter Dr. Higgins lives in the next street" and the window came down with a slam, that told of the humble artisan's former experiences of the same kind

But Mr. Higgins had not got comfortably back into bed before the bell rang again, and, uttering some forcible remarks, he rose once more and went to the window

"Well, what do you want now?" he yelled.

"Please, Sir," said the little voice, "it *is* you we want. Father is shut up in the foldin' bed, and we can't get him out."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

An Unselfish Horse.

A doctor and a clergyman were exercising their horses one morning in a country lane, when an argument arose between them as to which of the animals possessed the sweeter disposition.

"I'll wager that if their respective tempers could be tried," said the doctor, "mine would be far away the better."

"That's all nonsense," retorted the clergyman. "My mare has the best temper of any horse in the neighbourhood."

"Well, here's a stiff hedge; let us try their leaping capabilities," suggested the doctor.

"Right you are," agreed his friend

The doctor's hunter quietly refused the jump, although put at it again and again. The clergyman's little mare also refused, but at the same time put back her ears and exhibited considerable ill-temper, When repeatedly urged to jump she finally accomplished a clever back-jumping feat, which threw her master over the hedge. Strange to relate, the reverend gentleman was quite unhurt, and, scrambling to his feet, commenced to scrape the mud from his broadcloth, whilst the doctor laughingly remarked:—

"Perhaps you are convinced now that my animal has a better disposition than yours;"

"Not at all," replied the clergyman. "My mare is so unselfish that, although unable to take the fence herself, she had no desire to keep me from going over. In fact, she facilitated the mode of my transit, whilst your horse displayed a dog-in-the-manger temperament by not going himself and not allowing you to go either."—*Tit-Bits.*

Made a Difference.

"Who is that stout, overdressed woman in the stage-box?" asked the stranger at the theatre.

"That? Why, that is Mrs. Goldey. You knew she is worth about fifty thousand, and——"

But the stranger had turned to the friend he had brought along and was whispering—

"Do you see that plump lady in the stage-box—the one with the beautiful clothes and the diamonds? That is the famous Mrs. Goldey."

Pride!

The able-bodied tramp had just asked the passer-by for a copper.

"I'd be ashamed to go about begging," said the latter, in disgust.

"Well," replied the tramp, "it takes all sorts of people to make a world. Here you are too proud to beg, while I'm too proud to work."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

She Approved.

Of a family of three sisters only one is as yet married. She has one little girl greatly petted by her two aunts, and subject to much advice from them. Of this last the little lady sometimes wearies, which weariness was once shown in the following reply

Said one aunt: "If you were my child, I should have you do thus and thus." Said the other aunt: "Were you my child I would do so and so."

The little lady thought it high time to express her own feelings.

"I have always been so thankful," she said, "that father married the sister he did!"

What He Got Out of It.

He never took a day of rest,
He couldn't afford it;
He never had his trousers pressed,
He couldn't afford it;
He never went away care-free,
To visit distant lands to see
How fair a place this world might be-
He couldn't afford it;

He never went to see a play,
He couldn't afford it;
His love for art he put away,
He couldn't afford it;
He died and left his heirs a lot,
But no tall shaft proclaims the spot
In which he lies—his children thought
They couldn't afford it.

Tit Bits.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS——

Photo. Sibthorpe.

THE REAL THING: A NEGRO MINSTREL.

This negro minstrel is to be seen in Tangier.

BUT NOT THESE PLAYERS.

Photo. Halftones.

"THE HARP THAT ONCE——"

This old harpist was once a well-known singer in Germany, and sat for many pictures.

Our Splendid Serial. ***Sensation and Mystery.***

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX (*continued*).

THE MISSING BOY.

"THE murderer," said Lady Cobbin, when they left the slums, "must have watched for the coming of Mrs. O'Toole and the boy when they emerged from the hospital, and then have bribed them to go into hiding."

"Well," said Mendle, removing his hat, in spite of the falling rain, "do you think it will be wise for us to go to Trafalgar Square and look up Sir Samuel? He may know something."

"He may, but if he does, he certainly will say very little," was Lady Cobbin's grim reply; "however, we are close to the square, so we may as well walk there."

But Sir Samuel's cab was not on the stand. The other motor-cab drivers informed the couple that Sir Samuel had not been there since the previous morning. This looked as though the baronet had employed his time in removing Mrs. O'Toole and the too-well-informed Paddy to some hiding-place. "What do you think?" asked Mendle, wearily, for the long search was wearing out his unruly nerves.

"I think that you had better return home," said Lady Cobbin, with a side-glance at his grey, drawn face. "You look like a corpse. I'll walk to Edgware Road and see Mrs. Gerson."

"Why not drive?"

"I prefer to walk."

"Ellen may not be in the shop."

"Oh, yes. A shop like that is open until all hours. Unless she has given up the business."

"No," said Mendle quickly. "I promised that her father and she should have a small income, if Parley held his tongue, and then, of course, Belinda may help her brother's widow. But nothing has been arranged yet, and Ellen still serves behind the counter."

"Well," said Lady Cobbin, after a pause, "it seems to me that you may not have to pay the income after all—to the father I mean."

"I don't understand."

"I am beginning to think that Robert Parley was absent from the office as well as you," said Lady Cobbin decisively; "now don't let us argue any longer. You are worn out. Go home I'll report progress."

Mendle started to walk away, but came back. "One thing," he said in a hesitating voice, "don't tell Belinda that Darton is innocent."

"Ah! you think that she will throw you over," said Lady Cobbin in a most unemotional voice. "Well, I dare say she will, and I hope so with all my heart."

"But if she throws me over, you will lose Darton," said Mendle with a kind of whine like a flogged beast.

"Not as a comrade," said Lady Cobbin, her eyes very bright and her voice very strong. "I have given up the idea of marrying him."

"Why?" asked Mendle, biting his nails angrily.

"You would not understand," she replied contemptuously. "There are some feelings above you, Mr. Mendle, or you would not force this girl into a reluctant marriage."

"I intend that she shall become my wife."

"And I intend that she shall marry Dr. Darton."

"Then you will work against me?"

"No. I shall work in your interests, in the interests of those two lovers, and in the interests of justice. In one way or another I intend to learn the truth about this murder."

"You'll never do that unless you find Paddy O'Toole."

"Then I'll find him."

"I hope you will, so that I shall be exonerated," said Mendle, with his eyes on the ground, "and then again I hope you won't, as, if Darton is innocent, I lose Belinda."

"And her money," taunted Lady Cobbin, turning away. Mendle stood where he was, looking after her. Then he began to walk away.

"I'll defend Embers and prosecute Darton, if only to bring about the marriage," he thought. But he reckoned without Lady Cobbin.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEW CLUE.

THE tobacconist's shop in Edgware Road wherein Ellen Gerson served was a mere hole in the wall, a kind of doll's house, furnished with nothing but a counter and shelves and two chairs and the usual goods. It possessed no back premises, and one could scarcely turn in its narrow confines. When Lady Cobbin entered, ostensibly to purchase cigarettes, she found Ellen selling tobacco with a fictitious air of gaiety to a callow youth. The poor girl's commonplace prettiness had dwindled greatly under the strain of the past weeks. Her complexion—always her strongest point—was now a chalky white, and her eyes were red-rimmed with constant weeping. However, her private griefs having nothing to do with business, she forced the usual smile for customers while her heart was breaking.

In a few minutes the callow youth, robbed of an intended flirtation by the unexpected entrance of Lady Cobbin, departed with a scowl of annoyance. Ellen, who had recognised her new customer, waited listlessly for her to say what she wanted. Milady placed a florin on the top of the glass case covering the counter.

"Give me a packet of good cigarettes, please," she asked, and Ellen supplied her in silence. "I'll smoke one here and rest," added Lady Cobbin, anxious to invite a conversation. "You don't mind?"

"Oh, no," replied young Mrs. Gerson indifferently. "There is a chair, and here is a match."

Lady Cobbin nodded and lighted up. While filling her silver case, she glanced keenly towards the girl, who had taken her usual seat behind the counter. "You know who I am, do you not?" she asked, after a short pause.

"Where is Paddy O'Toole?" asked Lady Cobbin point-blank.

"Yes, you are the inquiry agent whom I met at Arthur's place."

"At his sister's house," corrected the other.

Ellen flushed. "No. Arthur, as the man owned the house. It ought to be mine now."

"Well," drawled Lady Cobbin slowly, "your sister-in-law will probably make some provision for you as her brother's widow."

"I don't want her to. I hate her. Besides, Mr. Mendle has agreed to allow my father a pension for his long services. I am leaving the shop next week, and with father I go to Margate."

"Are you not going to make any effort to discover who killed your husband?" asked Lady Cobbin sharply.

"Why should I? Arthur was always cruel to me. He behaved very badly almost before our honeymoon ended. He was unkind both to father and to me. We both detested him, and I"—Ellen drew a long breath—"I am glad that he is dead. I was a fool to marry him. He was always ashamed of me, or he would have told everyone that I was his wife."

"But you forget, Mrs. Gerson. Had he done that he would have been nothing but a pauper. Mr. Mendle would have stopped his allowance."

"What if he had? Even when Arthur had the allowance he never gave me any money. A few dresses, one or two ornaments—nothing more. I had to stop on here earning money, as father's salary was too small to pay the rent and keep us in food. Arthur lived on us, and never helped in the slightest. But it 's all over"—Ellen made a gesture of relief—"and I am glad, very glad. Father and I will go to Margate and try to forget a'l about him."

Lady Cobbin nodded absently. She was trying to think how she could manage to gain information about the scarf, without rousing the suspicions of the girl. Ellen had frankly declared that both she and her father had hated Gerson, and, apparently, the girl, if not Parley, was glad that the young man had died, even in so terrible a manner. Lady Cobbin recalled the dim suspicions she had entertained of Parley, and wondered if they were correct. Now they were certainly taking shape, and perhaps the clue of the scarf would lead to the old clerk's door-step. But, if he were guilty, Ellen would probably know of his guilt, and so would be on her guard to say as little as possible. The enquiry agent therefore skirted round the subject. "Do you know Miss Lane?" she asked cautiously.

"Arthur's half-sister? Yes. I like her better than the other."

"Well, I have just seen her, and she requested me to ask you to return a red-white-and-blue scarf which belongs to her."

Ellen showed no signs of confusion, and answered readily enough: "Oh, that scarf—the silk one. I thought that it belonged to Arthur."

"He took it from Clement Street by mistake," said Lady Cobbin artfully, "but it really is the property of Miss Lane. Can you give it to me, Mrs. Gerson?"

"No. I don't know where it is now."

Lady Cobbin drew a long breath. Apparently Ellen had quite forgotten that Arthur had worn the scarf and had been strangled with it.

"Try and think," she urged. "Miss Lane is much attached to that scarf, and wants it back as soon as possible. When did you see it last?"

"Let me think. Oh!"—she shuddered—"I remember now. On the night when Arthur left to go to his doom."

Lady Cobbin passed over the rather grandiloquent phrase. "You mean that he wore it when he came in here, to see you."

"No. He did not wear it at all." Lady Cobbin had much ado to keep herself from jumping when she heard this. "Arthur left it at home when he went away in the afternoon. And, now I come to think of it, father put it round his throat at seven when he went to the office to work overtime."

"Your father wore it?" gasped Lady Cobbin, astonished by this frankness. She could not understand why the girl should calmly incriminate her father, whom she professed to love so fondly.

But Mrs. Gerson evidently had quite forgotten the sinister meaning that was attached by the murder to the scarf. She replied innocently and rather impatiently. "Yes, I remember quite well that father wore it, as the night was cold. I daresay he'll give it to you, if you ask him for it."

"Oh, that 's all right," said Lady Cobbin, trying to pull herself together, for she was—as the slang phrase goes—rather "knocked out of time" by this plain-speaking. "And when are you and Mr. Parley going away from London?"

"Next week. Father will have his pension, and also told me that he expected to get a large sum of ready money."

"From whom?"

But in asking this question Lady Cobbin had gone too far. Ellen drew herself up, and looked suspiciously at the flustered face of Milady.

"I really don't see what business that is of yours," she said coldly.

"Oh, of course it isn't," said the other rapidly; "but, you see, Miss Gerson has been speaking to me about allowing you some money as her brother's widow. Of course, with your father's pension and a large sum of ready money"—Lady Cobbin emphasised the words—"there will be no need for Miss Gerson to allow you anything."

"I don't want anything from her," cried Ellen, her face flushing, "as she has not been kind to me. But father says that I ought to have some of Arthur's money, and I intend to ask for some later. Then I shall go with father to Australia, and forget all my horrible married life with Arthur."

"It certainly would be better," said Lady Cobbin, not knowing if she were awake or asleep, since the girl was supplying reason after reason for the guilt of her father. "Well, here is my address, Mrs. Gerson." She handed over a card. "If I can be of any assistance to you, write to me there. Good-day."

Ellen simply nodded, and sat down

looking the picture of misery as Lady Cobbin passed out of the tiny shop. But when a new customer entered, she again assumed the artificial smile needful for the business. Lady Cobbin caught a glimpse of that weary smile when going away, and from the bottom of her warm heart she pitied the girl.

All the same, she was startled to learn that Parley was so intimately connected with the case. The possession of the scarf alone would point to the fact that he was the criminal. Then, again, he had stated to Hake that he hated Arthur for his treatment of Ellen, and was glad, as the young wife was, of the young man's death. Again, Parley had been alone in the office all the evening, and might have slipped out, when Mendle was away, to execute his wicked deed.

"But, no," Lady Cobbin said to herself when she reached this point of her meditations. "Mendle declared that he returned to the office, leaving Embers and Arthur together. If Parley is guilty, he would have been absent from the office when his master returned. In that case, Mendle would know of his guilt. But it might be that Parley, knowing of Mendle's presence in the cab, had threatened to denounce him unless he held his tongue. So to speak, each man was in the hands of the other. Parley may be brave, but I know that Mendle is a coward and is terrified of his own shadow. It would be easy for Parley to silence him."

Then again, as Lady Cobbin reflected, Parley could not drive a motor-cab, and that the assassin must have done, seeing that the cab had been found with the dead man before the door of Mendle's office. Unless, of course, the cab arrived, and Parley, while his master was working in the inner office, had slipped out with the scarf to strangle his son-in-law. But then, again, if the dead man had been murdered at eleven, or even some time later, it was known that the cab had not arrived in Cade Lane until nearly twelve o'clock. Arthur must have been strangled, on that assumption, before the cab arrived; in which case, as the old clerk could not drive a motor, he must be exonerated. "Or else," finished Lady Cobbin, with a desperate effort to solve the riddle, "there is a third person concerned in the murder who *can* drive. Is that third person Sir Samuel Embers?"

But this question she could not answer. The scarf pointed to the guilt of Parley; the anxiety of Embers to look after Paddy, who had now vanished, indicated that the Baronet was afraid lest the boy should bring him into the matter. Darton was innocent; so was Belinda, who had been momentarily suspected. Harriet Lane, of course, could not have killed Arthur, since her story was clear enough. Mendle, by losing five thousand a year, proved his innocence beyond all question. There remained only Parley and Embers: one of these two was guilty, and Paddy O'Toole was the sole person who could indicate which one had committed the deed. But he had vanished, and Lady Cobbin found herself hesitating, from sheer perplexity, to take another step. Never before in her career had she met with so irritating a case, or one so mysterious.

"I have a good mind to throw it over," she thought crossly, for her head ached with the effort to solve what was clearly beyond solution.

But the very mystery of the matter made her only the more determined to get at the truth. Remaining in town on that evening she tramped to the Piccadilly Theatre in search of Mrs. O'Toole, and to the Trafalgar Square stand to see if Sir Samuel was engaged on his usual business. In both cases she was disappointed. Neither old Peggy nor Embers appeared, and until she saw them and questioned them, the inquiry agent did not see what was to be done.

About ten o'clock, however, the unexpected happened. Returning to Golden Square, Lady Cobbin caught sight of Sir Samuel driving his cab down Regent Street. He drew up at Nichols' Café, and apparently was waiting for someone. At once Lady Cobbin stepped forward. He started when he saw her, but did not look afraid. But then, as she reflected, he was a man of great self-control.

"Where is Paddy O'Toole?" she asked point blank.

"I wish I knew," growled the baronet, fiddling with his wheel.

"Don't you know?" she demanded, wondering if he was lying.

"No. I went to the hospital yesterday, and found that old Peggy had taken him away. I called at the Adelphi cellar, but she had not turned up. Where she is I want to know. I was coming to you in the morning to ask."

"How should I know?" demanded Lady Cobbin promptly.

"Well, you have this Gerson case in hand. Mendle told me all about your dealings in the matter. I expect you hold the threads."

"I hold one, at all events," said Lady Cobbin significantly. "You have got Paddy out of the way."

"I?" Embers stared. "Why should I?"

"Perhaps because you did not want Paddy, who was hanging on behind the cab at the top of Shore Lane, to know that you were talking there with Arthur Gerson."

Embers started, grew confused, and flushed a brick red. "I don't know what you are chattering about," he declared so loudly that one or two passers-by looked round. "I haven't set eyes on Paddy since I saw him in the hospital. As to meeting Arthur, I——"

"Don't deny it; you did."

"Who can prove that?"

"Miss Harriet Lane."

Embers' face fell. "Well, yes, I was there," he acknowledged gruffly.

"Why didn't you say so at the inquest?"

"What and incriminate myself? No, thank you. I should have denied it now, but that I know Miss Lane can prove my presence."

"What were you doing there?"

"What was I doing?" cried Embers, lashing himself into a rage. "I came after my cab. Arthur stole it from the Edgware Road——"

"And you remained until midnight in the Green Man bar?"

"I said that at the inquest to save being asked questions. But I really went to Shore Lane. Arthur told me that he had to meet that Darton chap there, so I went into the City on the chance. I went by 'bus, if you want to know."

excited, "and was just going away again."

"What is it?" she asked anxiously.

"I have something to tell you which may solve the whole of this mystery," said Darton eagerly, as they mounted the stairs again. "I could not wait until the morning, although I only received the letter by the six o'clock post."

"What letter?" asked Lady Cobbin, passing into the inner room of her office and unlocking her desk. "Have you a match?"

"Yes." Darton lighted the gas, which flared up brilliantly. While the owner of the office drew the curtains he went on talking: "I have received an anonymous letter saying that for five hundred pounds the papers will be restored to me."

"What papers?" asked Milady, forgetting for the moment.

"Why, the papers which were stolen from the dead man."

CHAPTER XXI.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

LADY COBBIN made no immediate reply. She stood quite still for one minute with a look of startled surprise on her strong face, and then began mechanically to move about the office, changing the position of the many vases which held flowers. Dr. Darton was somewhat annoyed by her evident indifference. No one likes to have sensational news received without comment.

"You do not seem to think much of my intelligence," he remarked in a vexed tone, and threw himself into an armchair petulantly.

"Disgraceful? No." Lady Cobbin looked at him very directly. "I can never believe that a man who spoke as you did the other day would be guilty of anything disgraceful."

"You are a very staunch comrade" replied Darton, with a gratified look, "and you are right to believe that I am decent. The secret concerns those before me, and afterwards me also. The best plan will be to let you read the papers for yourself."

"Oh" Lady Cobbin sat up alertly, "then you intend to pay this five hundred pounds."

"Yes, because I not only wish to get back the papers, but also I wish to learn the name of Arthur's assassin, so that Belinda may not be sacrificed to Mendle. And I have come to you," went on Darton rapidly, "to ask if you can obtain for me the money."

"Humph!" Lady Cobbin slowly selected a cigarette "you have not the amount I presume."

"No. I have very little ready money. I don't say but what I could not get the money by selling out stock, but I do not wish to do so, unless I am obliged. If you can get me a loan of the five hundred pounds at a moderate percentage for two or three years, I am willing to give the stock for security. Then I can pay off the loan and interest by hard work, and thus keep my savings intact."

"But why do you come to me Doctor?"

"Because I think you, who know everything, are likely to know who would lend the money. Also I come because you are interested in this mysterious

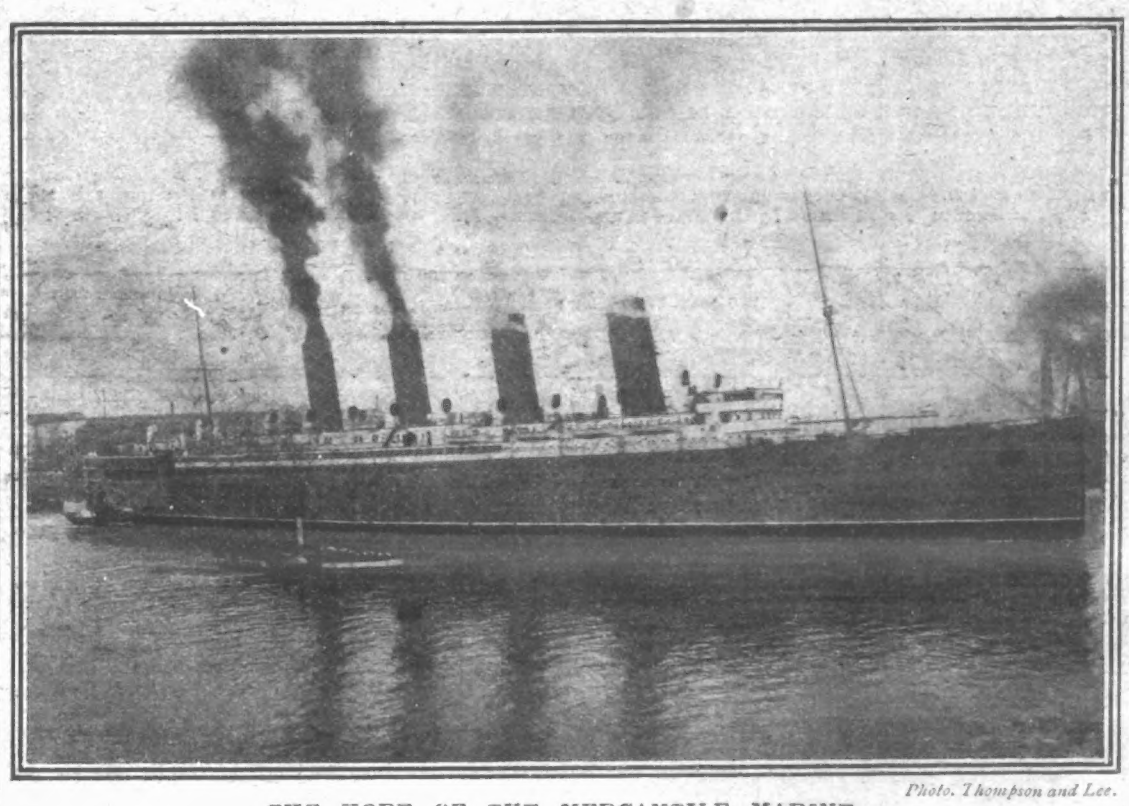


Photo. Thompson and Lee.

THE HOPE OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

The s.s. "Mauretania," the largest ship afloat, and sister-ship to the "Lusitania," which is expected to beat all records. Our photograph shows her leaving the Tyne on her trial trip.

"What happened?"

"I had a row with him over the cab——"

"And over Darton's papers, which——"

Sir Samuel interrupted Lady Cobbin rudely. "I know nothing about any papers. Arthur explained that he wanted the cab——"

"Why?"

"Because he—oh, I don't know, but, I—that is——" Embers stuttered and stumbled, and finally uttered an ejaculation of relief as his fare came out of the café. "Jump in, Sir!" and before Lady Cobbin could remonstrate, the cab was whirling down the street.

Not that she wanted to, doubtful as she was of Embers and his confession. There was no need to make a public scandal, and she had not sufficient grounds to go upon, to beckon to the nearest policeman, let alone the fact that no warrant was out for the Baronet's arrest. Lady Cobbin turned into Golden Square with the determination that if Embers did not come and see her in the morning she would go and see him. His confusion, his pretended ignorance, his denial of knowing Paddy's whereabouts all pointed to the fact that if not himself guilty of the murder, he knew who had strangled the unfortunate man. Lady Cobbin's suspicions began to waver concerning Parley, and she reached her office almost convinced that Sir Samuel was the long-wanted assassin.

Then she met with a surprise. As she ascended the stairs she met Dr. Darton coming down. "I have been here twice," said the Doctor, who looked

"I think a very great deal of it," she answered, seating herself before the desk, "only I am wondering if the letter is a hoax."

Darton sat up, gripping the arms of his chair. "Why should it be?"

"Well!" Lady Cobbin, cleaning her elbows on the blotting-papers, placed her finger tips together, meditatively. "Common-sense tells us that Arthur Gerson was murdered for the sake of those papers."

"No," Darton flung up a protesting hand, "we discussed that the last time we met. I can see no reason why anyone should murder for the sake of papers which are of no value."

"You forget," said Lady Cobbin dryly, "the value, according to the anonymous letter, is five hundred pounds."

"Would not a man value his life at a higher sum?"

"Yes, that is what makes me doubt the honesty of the communication, Doctor. Let us presume for the sake of argument that the assassin murdered Arthur to get the papers. Would he place himself in your hands for the sake of five hundred pounds."

"Well, yes," Darton hesitated. "I think so. You see the assassin, knowing what the papers contain, counts upon my silence about his crime as the price about his silence of my secret."

"It must be a very terrible secret" said Lady Cobbin, curiously. Darton took a cigarette from the box on the desk, and shrugged. "It is not so terrible, as disgraceful," he said in a low voice.

case, and finally I ask you, for the simple reason that we are comrades. The test of our friendship, if you remember, was to be that you should help me to marry Belinda."

Lady Cobbin nodded, and was secretly pleased to find that she could nod without wincing. The fermentation of passion had evidently passed, leaving behind the strong, pure wine of friendship. "Let us presume that I can arrange to let you have the money," she said, "what then?"

Darton produced an envelope from his pocket-book. "This will explain in detail," he observed, passing along a letter which he took from the envelope in question.

Milady adjusted her eye-glass, and read a few printed lines on a sheet of common white paper with blue lines, apparently torn from a school exercise-book. The communication read as follows—

"The important papers lost by you some time ago will be returned to you on payment of five hundred pounds in gold. If you agree, advertise in the *Daily Telegraph*, stating time and place during the next three days. Should you bring the police into the matter, the woman you love is lost. Also, the contents of the papers will be revealed."

"Humph!" Lady Cobbin placed the paper on the desk. "Someone else accuses Belinda, it would seem."

"No," replied Darton decisively; "that is bluff. Belinda cannot possibly have anything to do with the matter. The papers are in the possession of the assassin, and he wants five hundred for them. The real threat to prevent official interference lies in the statement that the contents of the papers may be made public. The hint about Belinda is only, so to speak, a second string to the assassin's bow."

"It might be so. Well," she turned briskly, "what do you intend to do?"

"Advertise that if the anonymous writer will call at eleven o'clock on the day after to-morrow, I shall hand over five hundred pounds, and keep silence."

Milady nodded, and yet looked puzzled. "That will be your best plan," she said thoughtfully, "and yet I cannot believe that the assassin would be so foolish as to entrust himself with you."

"But he has made himself safe."

"In a way. All the same"—she broke off quickly. "I see! The assassin will not come himself, but will send someone else."

"That would be just as dangerous, in the event of my asking the police to interfere."

"No. The assassin may have arranged for the third person to send him the five hundred, less a commission, and the third person may not know the name of the assassin or where he is to be found."

Dr. Darton rose and began to pace the office. "Oh, that is entirely impossible," he declared brusquely; "no individual would undertake a dangerous mission like that without being in league with the man who committed the murder. If a third person is sent, then that third person shares the plunder with the criminal; though I'm puzzled to know why the demand should be for so comparatively small sum of money, considering the danger to both. And then—why, what is the matter?" he asked, seeing Lady Cobbin suddenly rise and clap her hands.

"Eureka!" she cried, in excited tones; "I believe that I see light."

"I'm hanged if I do."

"Paddy O'Toole," said Lady Cobbin rapidly; "he has disappeared with his mother, and cannot be found. I thought that the assassin had got rid of him to close his mouth."

"But, from what I heard and read in the papers, the boy has forgotten all that took place, and the injury——"

"Pooh!" interrupted Lady Cobbin contemptuously, "the boy is as cunning as Satan. He made use of that injury to pretend that he had lost his memory. Mrs. O'Toole hinted as much. I see now. She took Paddy out of the hospital, and to a secret place, so that the police should not find the boy in the Adelphi cellar. Peggy has made him tell the truth, and has gone to the assassin. From him she has got the papers to sell to you. Hence the smallness of the sum demanded. Five hundred pounds is immense wealth to Peggy. Mark my words, Dr. Darton, Mrs. O'Toole will be the person who will come with the papers. If you will take my advice you will have Inspector Hake and a constable in hiding to arrest her."

"No," said Darton, buttoning up his coat, "that won't do. I can't set a trap like that. You get me the five hundred pounds at once, and I'll appoint eleven o'clock on the day after to-morrow for the meeting at my office. I have drawn out the advertisement, and am now going to the newspaper office to put it in. But I shall want you to be present, if you please."

"And why?"

"Because I want you to receive the papers, and read them. I have no secrets from you."

"Thank you," replied Lady Cobbin, her face brightening.

"And the five hundred?"

"I'll have it brought to your rooms from the bank."

"Then will you see my lawyer to-morrow—I'll take you to him—and you can receive the security."

Lady Cobbin laughed. "I'll trust you, for the time being."

Darton laughed also. "You are a true comrade," he said, shaking hands; "but I would rather you took the security."

"Very well," she replied in a business-like way, "Good-night!"

When the Doctor disappeared Lady Cobbin put her papers away and locked up her desk. She lingered for a few minutes over the anonymous letter, which she had retained, and wondered who had sent it. There was no knowledge to be gained from the printed lines or from the stationery, or from the Post-office stamp. The letter had been posted in Central London, and the paper was extremely common. These facts led Lady Cobbin to believe that the letter came from Mrs. O'Toole, but then she recollected that the ignorant Irishwoman could not write. The printing was very neatly done, and showed a trained hand, so if the letter had come from old Peggy she must have engaged someone to compose and write it.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

EARLY autumn is, as a rule, one of the best times of the year for the housewife, as vegetables and fruit are so cheap and plentiful, and she is enabled at little cost to provide an agreeable variety in her menu. Mushrooms are now in season, and are delicious cooked in various ways. A simple, yet appetising, method of cooking them is to grill them, and they form a very tempting accompaniment to a chop or steak at luncheon. Half a pound of good, fairly large mushrooms should be carefully peeled, the gridiron slightly greased, the mushrooms laid on and sprinkled with a little salt and pepper, and a tiny piece of butter spread over them. Turn the mushrooms from time to time until done. Serve on hot buttered toast with a sprinkling of lemon juice over the mushrooms, and garnish the dish with pieces of cut lemon and sprigs of parsley.

Mushrooms are now in Season.

The young housewife, settling down to house-keeping for the first time, is apt, in her ignorance, to set precedents that afterwards, when she is more skilled and experienced, she will find to have been quite wrong. One of these is to have tradesmen call for orders every day. It is far better to have "standing orders." This will be found not only cheaper, but will also obviate the necessity for constantly answering the door, and will avoid the temptation on the maid's part to gossip and waste time. It will, besides, spare the busy and worried housewife the hasty look round and hurried decision as to what is required. Orders to the tradespeople, involving as they do the menu for the day or the week, require to be carefully thought out and not given at random. The housewife who has more time than pence at her disposal must carefully cogitate beforehand over her purchases. By "standing orders," too, the books are so much more easily checked when once the weekly or monthly amounts are calculated, and any supplementary goods can always be added in the case of a visitor or additional member of the household. Another excellent rule for the young wife is to set everything down. This, although often found irksome, is an invaluable method of checking extravagance, and of gauging one's outlay, and is an aid to economy in many ways. Set everything down under their different headings: food bills, clothes, servants, etc. Excellent day and weekly account-books are sold for the purpose, and are kept by most stationers. Always allow a little margin of money for unexpected or accidental expenses, but do not have too many of these. Pay regularly, weekly or monthly, as the case may be, and insist upon having the account delivered at the required time. Tradesmen will, if it be insisted upon, always deliver the bill at the stated time, though sometimes they are rather dilatory in this matter. Another indispensable adjunct to good housekeeping is a small file for the receipted bills relating to the household. These should always be kept on the file for ready reference if necessary. No bill which covers a period of several weeks should be settled without a consultation with the previous bill to see that there are no overlapping dates or reiterated items.

Standing Orders.

SWEDISH PRINCE'S ENGLISH PRESENT: DUKE OF VASTERBOTTEN PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE CHAIR GIVEN HIM BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The Swedish newspapers continue to comment upon the great interest which Queen Alexandra takes in the little Duke of Vasterbotten, who has been dubbed her favourite baby. Quite recently she sent him a chair constructed after her own design, in which the son and heir of Prince and Princess Gustav Adolf of Sweden is seen seated in the above interesting picture.

There are indications that the poke-bonnet, so beloved in Early Victorian days, will be revived for the winter millinery. Some models are already being shown in Paris, lined, in accordance with the new mode, with silk of a contrasting colour. This idea has many possibilities, and many charming combinations of colour may be carried out, though, up to the present, white is the lining most in evidence. It seems as if the cult of the picturesque will be maintained during the coming season, for, in addition to the quaint bonnet, Directoire coats with long cutaway tails are to be worn, with immense gauntlet cuffs. Exaggeration marks the fashions just now, buttons being worn in quantities on these costumes and forming an important feature of the trimming.

Paris Bonnets.

A very nice and easily prepared sweet is made from bananas and custard. Peel and cut into lengthwise strips four good bananas and lay in a glass dish. Make a thick custard with the yolks of three eggs and the whites of two, sweeten to taste, and pour over the fruit. Children invariably like this dish, and it is moreover, a very wholesome one. Another simple sweet affords an excellent way of using up a stale sponge-cake by making it into the ever-popular trifle or tipsy-cake. Take a thick slice from the top and scoop a little out of the middle. Fill the hole thus made with raspberry or strawberry jam and lay the slice on top. The cake should be well soaked for a few hours in a mixture of raisin-wine or sherry, standing the cake in a glass dish and pouring the wine over it gradually, until it is well soaked through. Now make a thick custard, with three eggs to a pint of milk, sweetened and flavoured with a little lemon or vanilla essence. Pour over the cake and ornament with blanched almonds, sliced thinly or cut in halves, until the whole is stuck over to resemble a hedgehog.

Two Simple Sweets.

The following is a good way to remove stains from woollen dresses. Make a thick rubbing of soap on a damp nail-brush, spread the stained part on a deal table; scrub with the brush and a sprinkling of water till quite removed; take a wet cloth and wipe off the soap. Grease-spots can be taken out of silk by laying the fabric on a table covered with a white cloth; cover the spot thickly with powdered French chalk; on this lay a sheet of blotting-paper, and on the top press a hot iron. If the grease does not disappear at once, press it again.

To Remove Grease-Spots.

The Childrens Corner

The King with the Shiny Nose.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

OLD KING KOLL had a very shiny nose—so shiny, indeed, that the Queen could always tell if her crown was on straight when she peeped into the tip of it. Of course, it worried the poor King fearfully, for when he had to attend the opening of Parliament in state, his nose shone just like a door-bell when it has been polished up for Sunday.

"Oh, bother it!" cried the King when he reached the Palace, and he flew into such a temper that he took off his crown and flung it on the floor, where it rolled right away under the music-stool.

"Bother what, dear?" asked the Queen gently.

"Why, my nose, of course," snapped the King. "All the time I was making my opening speech this morning that wretched Prime Minister was shaking with laughter and poking the Lord Chief Justice, and they both giggled until I sat down again. I've a very good mind to have both their heads chopped off, and see how they'd like that," he said in a sulky voice; and he pouted such a big pout that the dainty little Queen got really frightened.

"Perhaps they were not laughing at your—your——" she stammered, for she didn't like to allude to his nose again. "Perhaps they had crumbs in their throat."

"Perhaps they hadn't," cried the King passionately, for he was really getting much annoyed at the notice which his nose constantly attracted. "Look here," he said, getting up from his chair and walking round the room, "I'll offer a handsome reward to anyone who can tell me why my nose is always shiny. Call the Lord Chamberlain, and I'll have the notices printed at once."

"Now," said the King when the Lord Chamberlain appeared before him, "I've thought of a means by which I may be able to get rid of the shiny appearance of my nose, and any man who can tell me the true reason shall be rewarded with——"

"The hand of the Princess?" suggested the Lord Chamberlain, balancing his diamond-studded penholder on the tip of his finger.

"Yes," said the King impressively; "he shall indeed be rewarded with the hand of the Princess my daughter."

So the notices were printed and pasted up all over the land, and the streets were crowded all day with people staring up at the large red letters of the Royal Command, which was—

BY COMMAND OF HIS MOST ROYAL MAJESTY.

His Mighty Majesty, the good King Koll,
Has decided to reward the clever soul
Who shall tell him the cause of his shiny nose,
With the hand of his daughter, the Princess Rose.

Then, of course, crowds of people flocked to the palace and demanded an interview with his Majesty—poor men, rich men, long men, short men, men with bald heads, and others with hair like expensive door-mats—they all came to tell the King why his nose was shiny, but not one of them was right, for his nose was more shiny than ever.

"Well, my dear," said the Queen after all the people had gone, "What did they tell you?"

"Oh, some said it was indigestion, and others said I took too much sugar in my tea, and one man even said that it was because of my vast amount of knowledge.

"I wish I hadn't got a nose," said the King petulantly. "Then the children would not laugh at me in the street, and my Ministers would cease to find me an everlasting source of amusement."

"Oh, my dear husband," said the Queen in her pretty, soothing way. "Then you would not be able to smell the sweet flowers in our lovely garden; and I really think you look much nicer with the nose you have than you would without one at all."

"Well," grumbled the King, "why should I have a shiny nose more than anyone else?"

Just then the King's youthful daughter entered the room, and directly she caught sight of her father she burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"What are you laughing at, you rude, ill-mannered child?" demanded the King, as he shook her by the shoulders; but she only laughed louder than before.

"Oh, papa, how you pinch," she exclaimed, as she laughed up into her father's face; then she stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth and began to shake from side to side.

"My dear Rose," said the Queen, "I really cannot see what there is to amuse you."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried the Princess. "But, mother dear, just—just look at papa's no—no—se!" she cried, running from the room. "It is as shiny as a dish-cover."

"There," cried the King, pointing a shaking finger in the direction of the door through which the Princess had just disappeared, "that is what I have to put up with. Things are coming to a nice turn when my own daughter shouts with laughter every time she catches sight of me. Something must be done, or else—or else——"

Just then there was a loud knocking at the castle door, and the King heard the butler arguing with someone in the hall.

"Who is that?" asked the King.

"Only some poor, half-starved youth who says he must see you," answered the butler. "But I can't get rid of him; he says he's got something important to tell you—in fact, your Majesty," said the butler, tapping his forehead, "I think he's a bit wrong here."

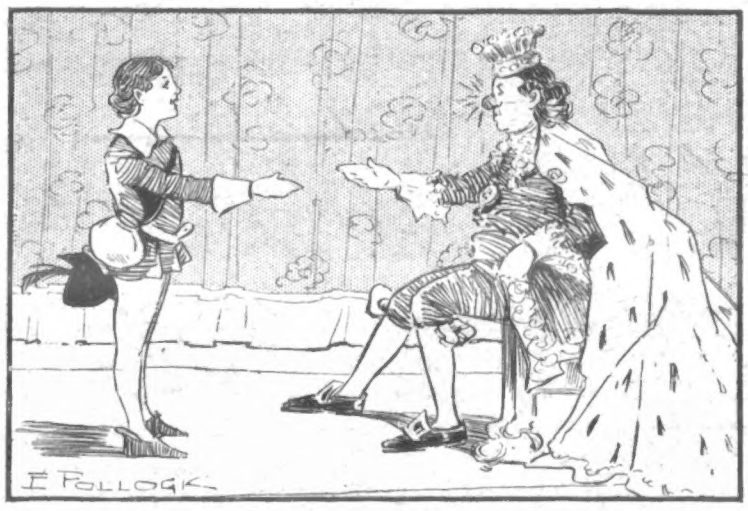
"Oh, I have something precious to tell you, your Majesty," cried a clear, youthful voice. "If you will grant me an interview you will never regret it."

"I like the lad's voice—yes, I certainly will see him; show him in," said the King, and the next minute a handsome youth ran lightly into the royal apartment with a shining gladness in his eyes, and his brown face flushed with excitement.

"Oh, I've found out what it is; I know what nobody else in the world knows," cried the boy, falling down on his knees before the King. "I've discovered the secret of King Koll's shiny nose!" he cried joyously.

"What?—what?—what? Do I hear aright?" cried the King. "Then stand up at once, my lad, and tell me your precious tidings."

And the poorly clad youth stood up before the King, looking very strong and brave, for he had walked miles and miles to do this great work for his King, and he now felt burning with excitement.



"Oh, I've found out what it is; I know what nobody else in the world knows!" cried the boy. "I've discovered the secret of King Koll's shining nose!"

"This morning, when I was playing in the forest," he began, "I saw two little sunbeams playing up and down a great oak tree; then I felt sad and lonely, so I crept up into the tree, and listened to what they were saying. One little sunbeam said sorrowfully, 'Alas, our poor sister, we will never see her again—never—never again,' and I felt sorry for her sad voice, so I jumped down and begged to be told what had become of their sister, and they said, 'One day when the good King Koll was hunting in the forest the little sunbeam was frolicking in and out the trees, and as the King rode by she jumped on his nose and there she has remained ever since.'"

"Oh, oh—oh!" cried the King, beginning to jump round the room. "So, after all, it's a sun—sun——"

But the Queen interrupted him, and told him to let the lad finish his story.

"Then," said the boy, "I laughed aloud for joy, for I had discovered the King's secret, and I promised the sunbeams, if they would help me, to rescue their sister; and they said the only thing that would release her from her position was to sprinkle over her the Magic Raindrop, which was up in a grey cloud in the sky; so I whistled to a bird, and asked him to soar up to the cloud and fetch me the Magic Raindrop, and he brought it to me in his bill."

"And have you got it?" shouted the King with delight.

"Yes, your Majesty; I have it here," cried the boy, taking from his pocket a small sea-shell, wherein glistened a pearly, crystal drop of rain. "This is the Magic Raindrop which will release the stray sunbeam," he cried, and he dropped the little tear from the cloud on to the King's nose, and for a moment the room was ablaze with sunlight. Then the radiant sunbeam frolicked up and down the walls and flew out through the open windows to her sisters, who were playing in the wood, and, of course, they danced and jumped with delight when she ran to them.

And the King—oh, the red, shiny glow had gone from his nose, and he was simply overflowing with joy.

"Bravo! bravo!" he cried, beaming with smiles, as he patted the boy's ripe brown cheek; "So we have got rid of the shine at last, and you have outdone everybody!" and he ordered the youth to have a suite of apartments in his grand palace, and that very night he gave a ball in his honour. Of course the Ministers came prepared to make fun of the King, but when he met them on the stairs they simply tumbled over each other in their astonishment; but the King never told them his secret, and they've never guessed up to this very day.

Of course the clever boy who had walked so many miles to serve the King—of course he married the merry little Princess Rose, and even now, when she is in a very saucy mood, she speaks of her father as "The King who had the Shiny Nose."

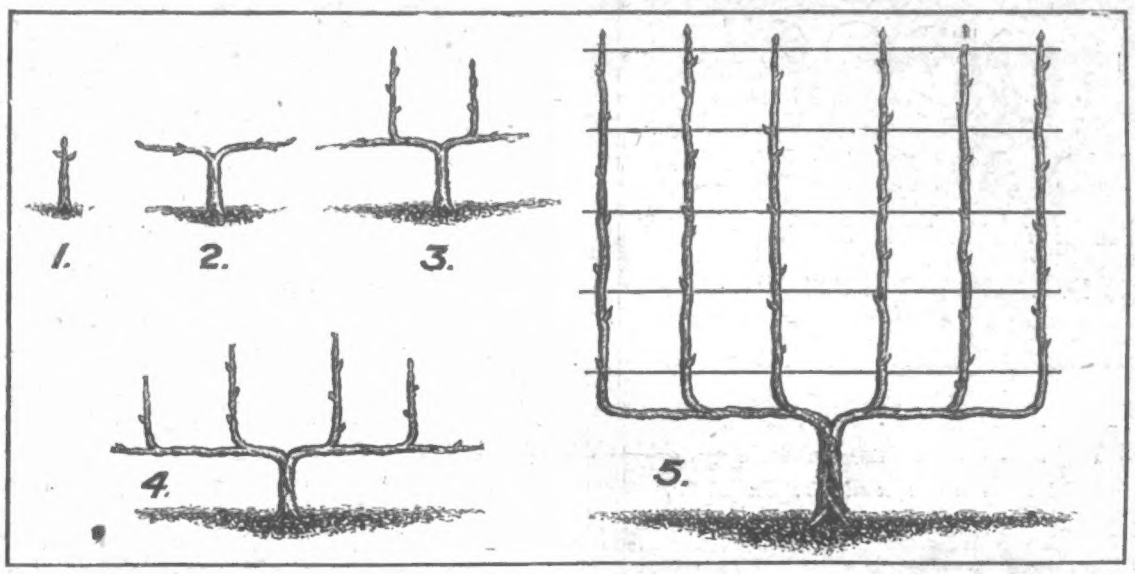
'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

My Garden Plans.

SEPT. 28 TO OCT. 4.—This week should see the last of the old gardening year and the commencement of the new, and for many weeks to come the enthusiastic amateur should have his hands full. Just now I find I have quite as much to do as I can conveniently manage, and it is not till the short evenings come that one realises what a lot one gets through in the hour or two before darkness. I am planning to get up the last of my potatoes this week, and my apples and pears will all be gathered within the next few days. Celery I have to earth-up still further this week, and the potting up of geraniums for storage in the greenhouse or on a convenient window-sill is no light task; in doing this work cut down your plants somewhat (always to a joint) and break off some of the root growth if there seems too much of it. Water the plants well after potting, and when they are settled keep them comparatively dry. Another task on hand is the lifting of dahlia tubers, and here too much care cannot be exercised. If possible, select a dry day, and cut down the stems to within a foot of the ground; then, with your fork, raise the tubers, keeping them intact with the stems. It is a good plan to have a pail of water at hand, together with a brush to scrub the tubers clean; then dry them thoroughly and store away where frost cannot reach them. The enthusiast will have neat oblong labels provided, bearing the names of his plants, with C for cactus, P for pompom, etc., to delineate the species; these he will tie to the stems.

Fruit in a Villa Garden.

Many a small villa-garden would be better for a few good fruit-trees; only the majority of amateurs forego this addition, partly because they think only of large bushy trees and partly because they imagine the expense to be prohibitive. I have in mind now a small garden in a London suburb. It has a tiny, trim lawn as a centre-piece, and on three of its four sides are espalier fruit-trees of good strain, that are wonderfully prolific. The trees are planted in a bed eighteen inches wide, and carnations, balsams, zinnia, and many other annuals and perennials, to say nothing of spring and summer bulbs, "flourish exceeding" in this bed. A strong edging of pitch-pine separates this bed from the gravel-path, beyond which comes another bed backed by oak palings. At the back of this bed other fruit-trees are planted on three sides of the garden, and the pathway between the two rows of trees and carpet of flowering plants is a delightful retreat. The fruit-trees include cooking and dessert apples, pears, greengages, cherries, and plums, and each tree cost originally about half-a-crown. The trees are trained on the horizontal espalier system. At intervals of about eighteen inches strong wooden "battens" are driven into the ground, to which the spreading branches are neatly tied, and one Cox's Orange Pippin tree is now nineteen feet across at its widest part, and, as I write, is smothered with first-rate fruit. It is not easy to train fruit-trees to take weird spiral or umbrella shapes, but espaliers are simple to manage, whether they grow against a wall or are secured to wooden posts. — A. COURLAND MARSHALL.



The popular perpendicular system of training fruit trees, showing the various stages from the "maiden" cutting (Fig. 1) to the complete tree on its framework of wire (Fig. 5). Apples, pears, plums, greengages and cherries may be grown on this system, which is excellent for the small villa garden. The trees may be purchased from the nurseryman, as depicted in Fig. 3, at from half-a-crown to five shillings.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO THE

Penny Illustrated Paper.

INLAND.

Yearly	6s. 6d.
Half-yearly	3s. 3d.
Quarterly	1s. 8d.

ABROAD.

Yearly	8s. 8d.
Half-yearly	4s. 4d.
Quarterly	2s. 2d.

All subscriptions must please be paid in advance direct to the Publisher, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

50 Years.

For over Fifty years

CAMBUS

pure Scotch Whisky has been made from the Patent Still (not the Pot Still).

The Distillers Co., Ltd., Edinburgh.

London Distributors—

Messrs BOWEN & McKECHNIE; W. H. CHAPLIN & CO., LTD., and MARSHALL & MARSHALL, LTD.

Quaker Oats

ECONOMICAL—NOURISHING—DELICIOUS

LONDON HIPPODROME. TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m. MIRTH, MYSTERY, AND SENSATION. AQUATIC, STAGE & EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLE.

DRURY LANE Theatre Royal.—Managing Director, Arthur Collins. "THE SINS OF SOCIETY," by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Every Evening at 7.30. Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday, at 1.30.

THE GARDEN, Etc.

BEFORE PLANTING BE SURE TO WRITE FOR MY INTERESTING ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. PHILIP LE CORNU'S JERSEY FRUIT TREES & ROSES. PACKED FREE OF COST & DELIVERED CARRIAGE PAID. CORDONS A SPECIALITE. THE JERSEY NURSERIES, JERSEY.

AMERICAN TREE CARNATIONS.—Beautiful blooms all the year round. Now is the time to arrange to stage these popular plants and get good blooms through the Winter months. We have a large stock of specially well-grown healthy plants in 5-in. pots, showing bud, and fit for permanent quarters. SEND FOR OUR SPECIAL PRICE LIST OF STANDARD VARIETIES AND 1907 NOVELTIES. We value all orders on rail, and package free for cash with order.—YOUNG & CO., American Carnation Specialists, Hatherley, Cheltenham. (Established 1892.)

THE TOMATO, and How to Grow it to average 20 lbs. of Fruit per Plant, its Diseases and Cures. Post free, 4½d.—E. HARRIS, S.R.H.S., Cyprus Road Nursery, Aylestone Park, Leicester.

KRELAGE'S **Dutch Bulbs**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with Cultural Notes and Descriptions of many Interesting Novelties, FREE ON APPLICATION.

KRELAGE'S **DARWIN AND REMBRANDT TULIPS,**

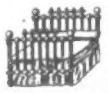
the best May-flowering Tulips. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION to—

E. H. KRELAGE & SON, HAARLEM, HOLLAND. Estab. 1811.

FURNITURE AT ONCE.

No waiting. No objectionable enquiries. No publicity. Everything for your home on the EASIEST of **EASY TERMS.** Delivered to your door in plain vans, no matter where you live.

JAY'S



GENERAL TERMS:

£5 Worth	2/- Monthly	£30 Worth,	12/- Monthly
£10 ..	4/- ..	£40 ..	16/- ..
£15 ..	5/- ..	£50 ..	20/- ..
£20 ..	8/- ..	£100 ..	40/- ..

Send or call for our Illustrated Catalogue. Post Free.

345, KENTISH TOWN ROAD, N.W.
225, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.
CRICKLEWOOD: 143, Cricklewood Broadway
PADDINGTON: 219, Shirland Road, W.
WATFORD: 12 and 13, The Parade.
BRIGHTON: 127, Queen's Road.
SHEFFIELD: 3 and 5, Bank Street.

RED NOSES

Permanently Cured and Restored to their Natural Colour in a few days by a simple home treatment. Particulars free. Enclose stamp to pay postage.—**Mr. V. K. TEMPLE (Specialist), 8, Blenheim Street, Oxford Street, London, W.**

FITS! FITS! FITS!

ALL PERSONS SUFFERING FROM EPILEPSY, or HYSTERIA, should send name and address to JAMES OSBORNE, Medical Pharmacy, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who will forward, free of charge, particulars (with Testimonials and, on receipt of 4d. for postage, full-size Free Trial Bottle) of the most successful remedy ever discovered for these distressing maladies. Sent to all parts of the world.

THE CITY PHARMACY,

27, Chancery Lane,

Actual Makers of Best and Cheapest Elastic Indiarubber Goods.

Illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Surgical and Domestic Goods, together with a copy of the LADIES' HANDBOOK, post free.

Box A 50, THE CITY PHARMACY, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.

FOR YOUR GIRL

16 Smart Little Frocks.

Thoroughly well cut, carefully made and finished, from **1/6.** Mothers will save time and money by buying direct from the manufacturers. *Illustrated Fashion Guide of Ladies' and Children's Garments, post free.*

JOHN NOBLE, Ltd., 19, Brook St. Mills, MANCHESTER

BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 PER CENT. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book. All general Banking Business transacted. ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE. C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

EIFFEL TOWER

You can make ready for table a delicious Milk Pudding by adding milk to a 1d. packet of **Eiffel Tower Pudding.**

MADE IN 10 MINUTES.

Served with stewed fruits it is excellent, making an ideal dish. Try a packet. All Grocers, **1d.** and **5½d.** Packets.

MILK PUDDING

A BOOK FOR LADIES

The knowledge contained in this book is of PRICELESS VALUE TO EVERY MARRIED LADY, and has been the means of brightening the lives of thousands. It contains a large amount of valuable information. All will profit by reading it, as the knowledge gained is priceless, and cannot but do good. Sent in sealed envelope for 2 stamps.

A lady writes us: "I have read your book. It is simply invaluable, and gave me the information I have sought after for years."

B. VIMULE, **Dalston Lane, London, N.E.**

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT	1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED	1d. per word.
PRIVATE WANTS, SALE, or EXCHANGE	1d. per word.
TRADE	1s. per line of 8 words.

Private Greeting Christmas Cards.—Best designs—grand selection. Agents wanted, experience unnecessary, half profit, big bonuses. Gold printing free, books free.—Doyle & Co., Brunswick Road, Liverpool.

Unbreakable Corsets from 3/11. Sample steel free.—Write Knitted Corset Co., Nottingham. Mention "P. I. P."

Photo Post-Cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63, Oxford Street, London, W. (Estab. 100 years.)

Astrology.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1s., and stamped envelope to Mdme. Zetella, Glen Villa, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope. Mention paper.

Picture Post-Cards.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 5, St. German's Road, Forest Hill, London.

15/- FOR ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot-Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long-distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 29/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking-Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.

MIDLAND GUN CO., Price St., BIRMINGHAM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S **CHLORODYNE** is the best remedy known for **COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DIARRHŒA, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE.** Admitted by the Profession to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. *Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.*

SEA BRETON

Solid Gold Watch Puzzle.

GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known **Towns,** and fulfils conditions below, we offer our **£3** Lady's **SOLID GOLD WATCH,** stamped, fully jewelled, as a **FREE GIFT. (Silver Watches** are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply, to FELLOWS & CO., Grosvenor Buildings, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with Watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last Competition were: Mrs. DAVIS, 1, Emily Street, Blackburn; Mr. GEORGE PAYNE, High Street, Earls Barton, Northampton.

SELF-PIERCING BIFURCATED RIVETS.

All who use Harness, Belts, &c., need them. Set with any hammer. Mend anything in the way of Harness, Belts, Straps Portmanteaux and a hundred and one jobs. Of all Ironmongers, or send 1s. for sample assorted box to **Bifurcated and Tubular Rivet Co., Ld., Warrington.** A good selling side line for those who attend markets.

1d. CARD OF **BLAKEY'S** BOOT PROTECTORS SAVES A SOVEREIGN. INSIST UPON HAVING GENUINE "BLAKEYS" AND DON'T BE GULLED.

All communications respecting Advertisements in the "Penny Illustrated Paper" should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 195, Strand, London, W.C.

FOR BUOYANT HEALTH!

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa.

RESISTS COLD AND DAMP

THERE'S HEALTH IN EVERY CUP.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM. ESTABLISHED 1728. MAKERS TO H.M. THE KING.

JU-VIS

Ju-Vis is an absolutely pure and wholesome article made from Extract of Meat, with valuable vegetable additions. Simply add boiling water. Sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes. A penny tablet makes a Breakfast Cup of delicious

BEEF TEA

with valuable nutritive vegetable additions.

Also Sold in Liquid form—2-oz. bottles, 6½d.; 4-oz., 11½d.; 8-oz., 1s. 9d.

JU-VIS

For full particulars of all the

BEST VILLA PROPERTY

to be Let or Sold in London and the Suburbs,

BUY

"The House Property and Land Advertiser,"

A Weekly Journal for OCCUPIERS, OWNERS, and INVESTORS.

EVERY FRIDAY. ONE PENNY.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.

Post Free for 1½d. from the Publisher,

HATTON HOUSE, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C

Will Advertisers and Agents

please note that the

P. I. P.

ADVERTISEMENT OFFICES

are now removed to the fine new building erected upon the site occupied by the P.I.P. since it was established in 1861:

195-8, STRAND, W.C.

For Rates and Specimen Copies apply, ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER.

Telephone No.: GERRARD 5227.

VIM VIM

For Home Cleaning.

For Woodwork.

For Paintwork.

For Glassware.

For Crockery.

For Cutlery.

Use it Upstairs.

Use it Downstairs.

Use it on Shipboard.

Use it in Factory.

Use it at once.

Use it always.

THE CLEANSER

DON'T APPLY VIM TOO DRY.

THE POLISHER

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.
The name LEVER on VIM is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid.
Printed by THE LONDON COLOUR PRINTING COMPANY, LTD., Exmoor Street, North Kensington, London, W., Saturday, September 28, 1907.